FATHER KEMP'S

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT TUNES

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

"ALL PLEASE SOUND."

NEWLY REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED

BOSTON

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK
C. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO
LYON & HEALY

PHILADELPHIA
J. E. DITSON & CO.

71

FATHER KEMP'S

OLD FOLKS CONCERT MUSIC

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST

FAVORITE TUNES

OF

BILLINGS, SWAN, HOLDEN, READ, KIMBALL, INGALLS AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A VARIETY OF

ANTHEMS AND CHORUSES,

AND DIVERS PATRIOTIC AND OTHER SONGS

OF THE GREATEST AND BEST COMPOSERS.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

BOSTON:
Copyright, 1889, by
OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY.

NEW YORK
C. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO
LYON & HEALY.

PHILADELPHIA
J. E. DITSON & CO.

Philadelphia
Theodore Presser
1712 Chestnut St.

PREFACE.

I am no music-monger, nor have ever desired to be one. In that respect I cannot be charged with taking advantage of opportunities for gain, which have presented themselves, during five years successful management of Old Folks' Concerts,— and that amid an enthusiasm most favorable to large pecuniary profit.

I have given over nine hundred concerts. One million of persons, at a very low estimate, have listened to the music of olden-time as we have rendered it. Not a night but I am besieged with applicants for the old music;—constant inquiries, where can I get *this* or *that* gem?—even offering exorbitant prices for the books in our hands.

Wishing to avoid all appearance of catch-penny, I have never sought to supply this demand; but have always referred them to the reprints of the day,—particularly to the "*Continental Harmony*," published by the Messrs. Ditson & Co., of Boston. I should not have engaged in the preparation of this, had not the necessity arisen for such a work, in connection with my future plans for Concerts and Conventions, upon a more extended scale than has ever marked my former efforts. I propose that all our patrons shall become members of my class, for the time being;— all sing with us, or at least have the opportunity to do so. For this purpose I *need* a cheap book, with tunes judiciously selected from the best authors. Such is here presented, and at a price any one of its gems would ordinarily command.

Permit me to say, that my business has led me into an extensive acquaintance with the masses, my knowledge of music, my familiarity with the wants and wishes of the people, qualify me in some good degree for this service. I have exercised my best discrimination in selecting such pieces only as are most popular with the majority, in different sections of the land.

The secular department will be found an interesting feature of this book. The National Anthems are inserted as sung by us in all our concerts. I have snatched several old songs, that were going over the chasm of forgetfulness. They are not to be found in any of the published works. They were mostly written in that happy vein, in which the Old Folks cheerfully adapted themselves to circumstances.

I send this forth confident that our patrons, and all lovers of genuine music, will give it welcome. I hope it will find its way into the hands of the masses;—that its solemn strains may produce deep and lasting impressions;—that their original power may yet be felt in stirring up souls to an active interest in holy things;—and as they have been a medium of rapture in the past, so may they be in the future, until we shall take, from their soul-subduing sounds, that spirit of humility which so adorned the life of our *Great Exemplar*, preparing us for that endless song upon which the fathers have entered.

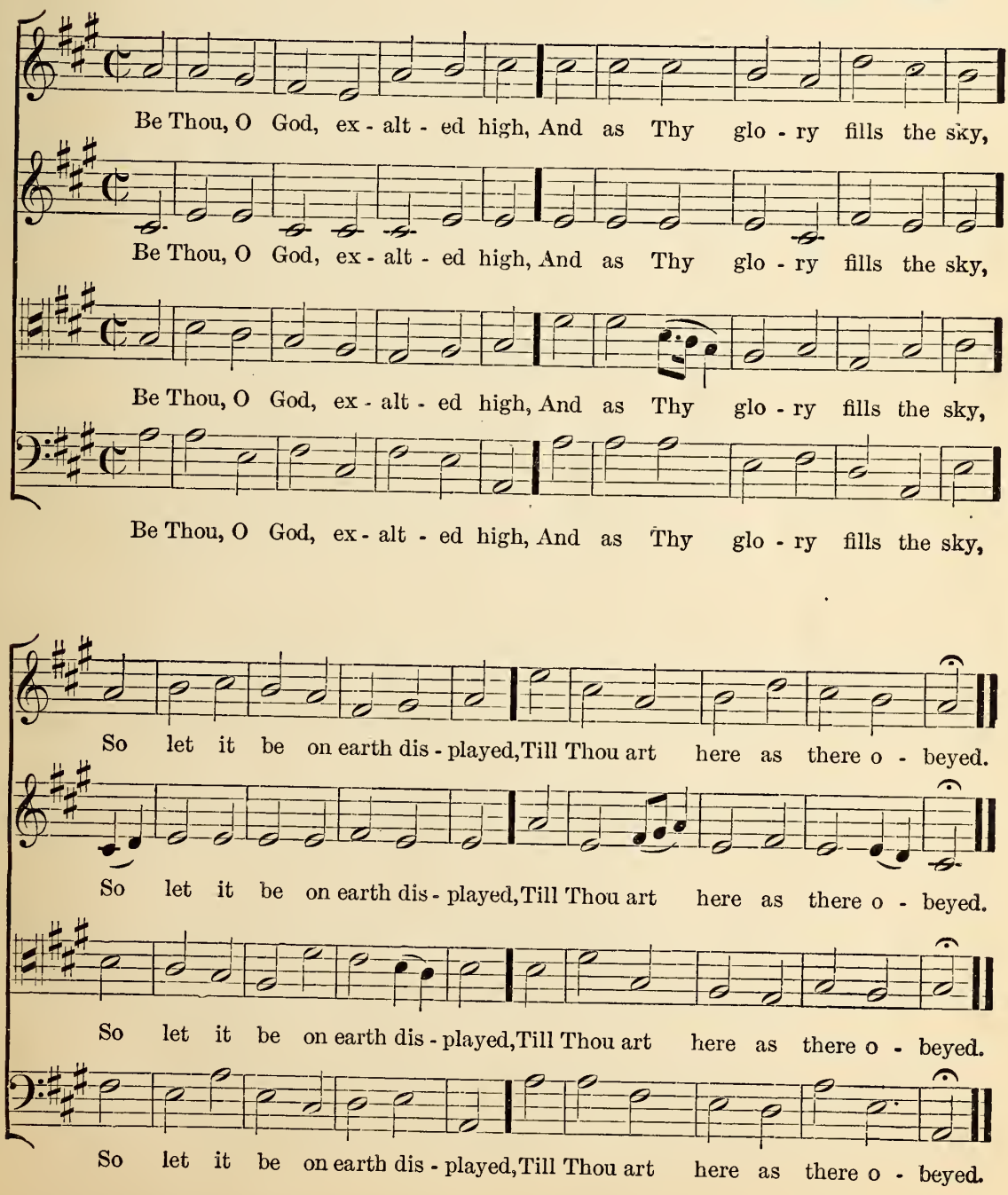
The present edition has been enlarged from 64 to 112 pages—many old favorites having been added, both sacred and secular.

FATHER KEMP.

OLD FOLKS CONCERT TUNES.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.



CONFIDENCE. L. M.

HOLDEN

Now can my soul in God re - joice, I feel my Saviour's cheer-ing voice, My heart a-wakes to

Now can my soul in God re - joice, I feel my Saviour's cheer-ing voice, My heart a-wakes to

Now can my soul in God re - joice, I feel my Saviour's cheer-ing voice, My heart a-wakes to

Now can my soul in God re - joice, I feel my Saviour's cheer-ing voice, My heart a-wakes to

sing His praise, And longs to join im - mor - tal lays;

sing His praise, And longs to join im - mor - tal lays;

p

sing His praise, And longs to join im - mor - tal lays; Hold me, O Je - sus, in Thine arms, And

p

sing His praise, And longs to join im - mor - tal lays; Hold me, O Je - sus, in Thine arms, And

Till I a - wake in realms a - bove, For - ev - er to en -

cheer me with im - mor - tal charms,

cheer me with im - mor - tal charms, Till I a - wake in realms a - bove, For - ev - er to en -

f

joy Thy love, Till I a - wake in realms a - bove, For - ev - er to en - joy Thy love.

f

Till I a - wake in realms a - bove, For - ev - er to en - joy Thy love.

f

Till I a - wake in realms a - bove, For - ev - er to en - joy Thy love.

joy Thy love, Till I a - wake in realms a - bove, For - ev - er to en - joy Thy love.

(2 pp.)

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.

My soul, thy great Cre - a-tor praise, When, cloth'd in His ce - lestial rays, He in full

My soul, thy great Cre - a-tor praise, When, cloth'd in His ce - lestial rays,

My soul, thy great Cre - a-tor praise, When, cloth'd in His ce - lestial rays,

My soul, thy great Cre - a-tor praise, When, cloth'd in His ce - lestial rays, He in full ma - jes - ty ap -

ma - jes - ty appears, He in full ma - jes - ty appears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

He in full ma - jes - ty appears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

He in full ma - jes - ty ap - pears, And like . . a robe . . His glo - ry wears.

pears, He in full ma - jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

GERMAN HYMN. L. M.

Very slow.

PLEYEL.

So fades the love - ly bloom - ing flow'r, Frail, smil - ing sol - ace of an hour! So

So fades the love - ly bloom - ing flow'r, Frail, smil - ing sol - ace of an hour! So

So fades the love - ly bloom - ing flow'r, Frail, smil - ing sol - ace of an hour! So

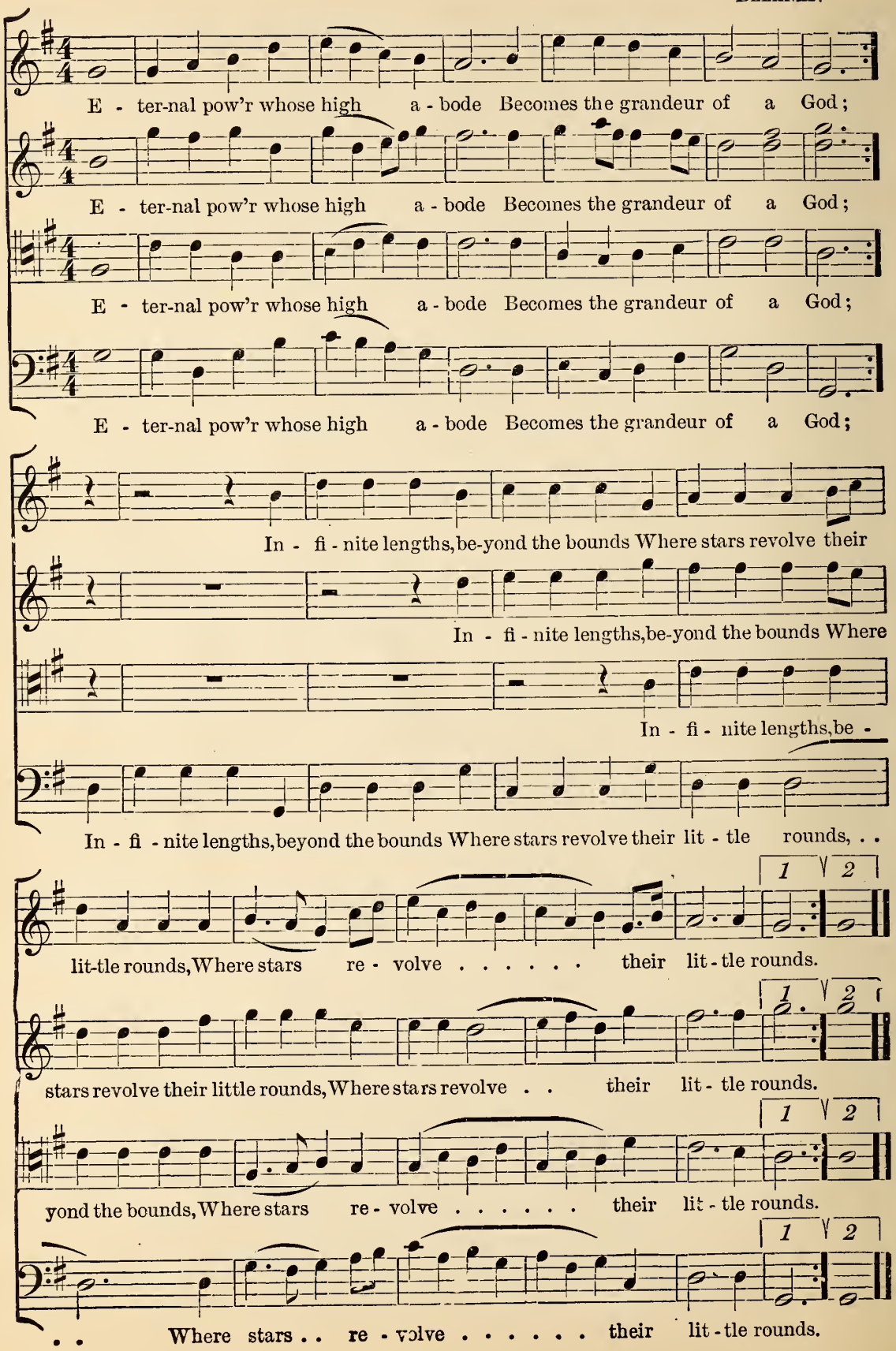
soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleas - ure on - ly blooms to die.

soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleas - ure on - ly blooms to die.

soon our tran-sient com - forts fly, And pleas - ure on - ly blooms to die.

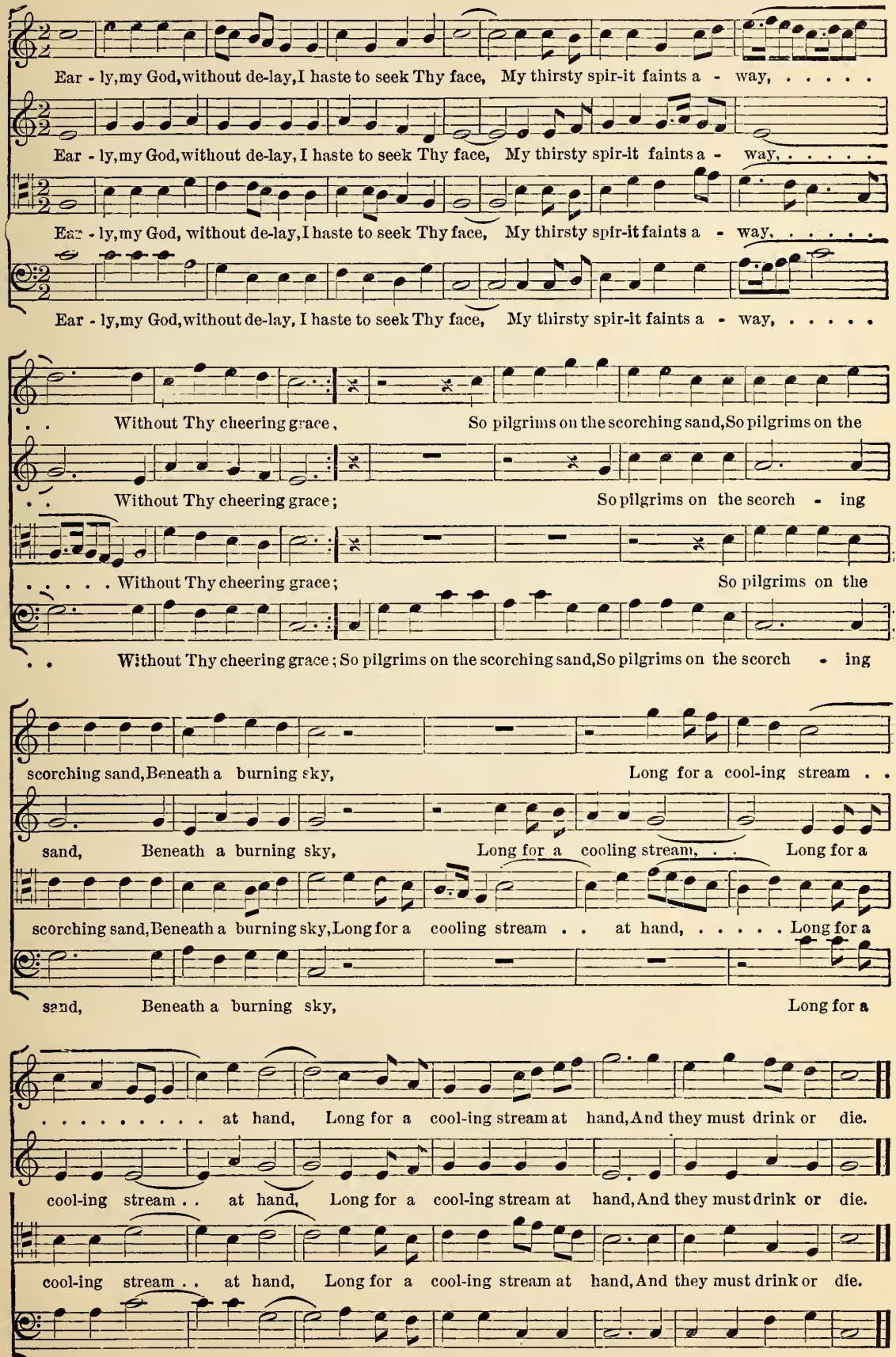
BLUE HILL. L. M.

BELKNAP.



MONTGOMERY. C. M.

MORGAN.



MEAR. C. M.

WILLIAMS' COLL.

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,

Up, Is - rael, to thy tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.

Up, Is - rael, to thy tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.

Up, Is - rael, to thy tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n and earth and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise.

Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n and earth and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise.

Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n and earth and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise.

Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n and earth and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise.

:S: Ye ho-ly throng of angels bright, Ye ho-ly throng of angels bright, In worlds of light be-gin the song. :S:

:S: Ye ho-ly throng of angels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song. :S:

:S: Ye ho-ly throng of angels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song. :S:

:S: Ye ho-ly throng of angels bright, Ye ho-ly throng of angels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song. :S:

VICTORY. C. M.

READ.

Now shall my head be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round,

Now shall my head be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round,

Now shall my head be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round,

Now shall my head be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round,

And songs of joy and vic - to - ry, With - in Thy tem-ple

And songs of joy and vic - to - ry, With-in Thy tem-ple sound,

And songs of joy and vic - to - ry,

And songs of joy and vic - to - ry, With - in Thy tem-ple sound, . . .

sound, sound, With - in Thy tem - ple sound.

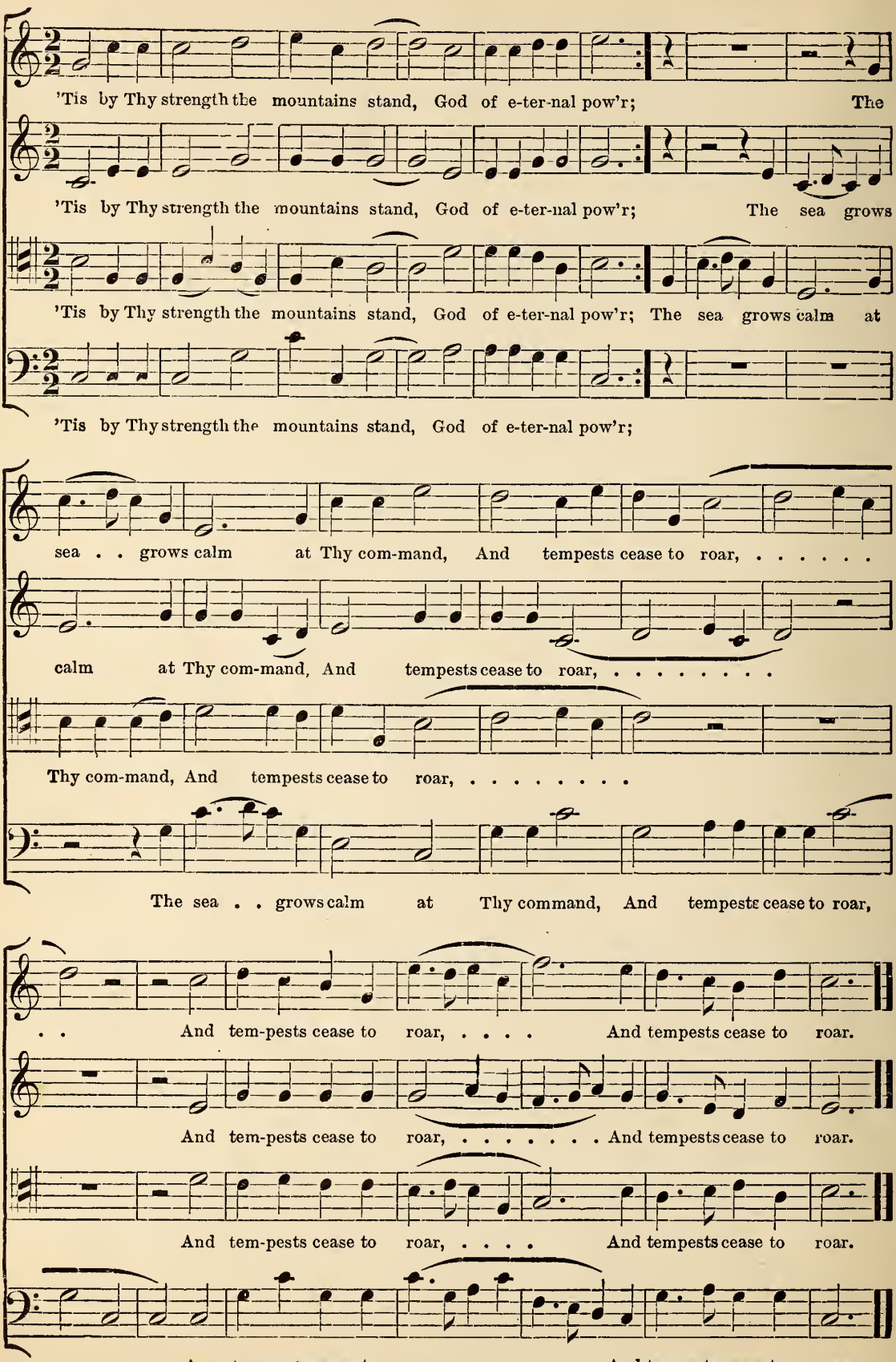
sound, sound, With - in Thy tem - ple sound.

sound, With - in Thy tem-ple sound, With - in Thy tem - ple sound.

. . . . sound, With - in Thy tem - ple sound.

(2 pp.)

RAINBOW. C. M.


'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ter-nal pow'r; The
'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ter-nal pow'r; The sea grows
'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ter-nal pow'r; The sea grows calm at
'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ter-nal pow'r;
sea . . grows calm at Thy com-mand, And tempests cease to roar, ...
calm at Thy com-mand, And tempests cease to roar, ...
Thy com-mand, And tempests cease to roar, ...
The sea . . grows calm at Thy command, And tempests cease to roar,
. . And tem-pests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.
And tem-pests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.
And tem-pests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.
. . . . . And tem-pests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.

NEW DURHAM. C. M.

AUSTIN.

How vain are all things here be-low, How false and yet how fair; Each

How vain are all things here be-low, How false and yet how fair;

How vain are all things here be-low, How false and yet how fair;

How vain are all things here be-low, How false and yet how fair; Each pleasure hath its

pleas-ure hath its poi - son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a snare, ...

Each pleas - ure hath its poi - son, too, And

Each pleas - ure hath its poi - son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a

poi - son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a snare, ...

. . . . . Each pleasure hath its poi - son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a snare.

ev-'ry sweet a snare, Each pleasure hath its poi - son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a snare.

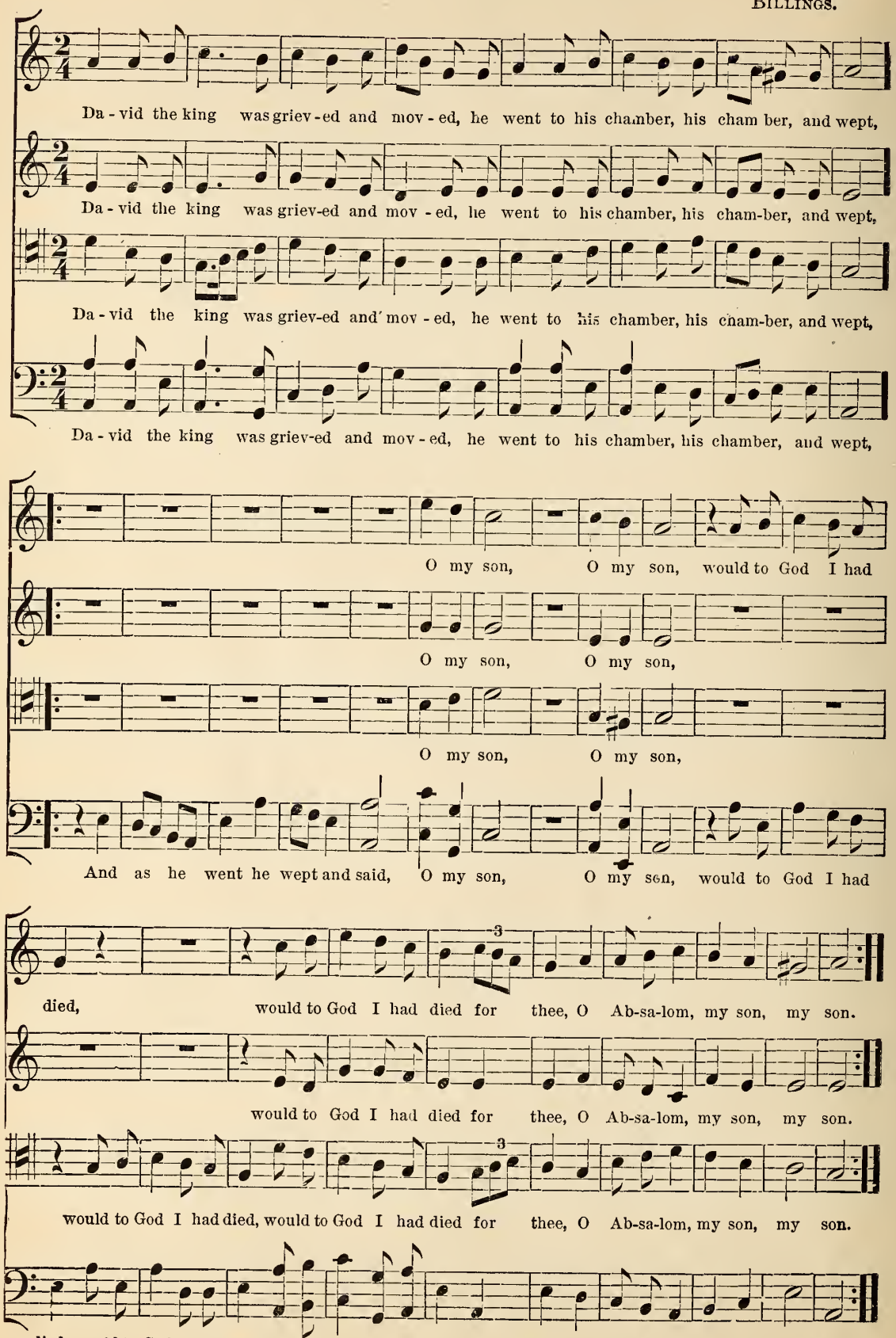
snare, ... Each pleasure hath its poi-son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a snare.

. . . . . Each pleasure hath its poi - son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a snare.

(2 pp.)

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

BILLINGS.



GREENWICH. L. M.

READ.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine, To see the

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine, To see the

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine, To see the

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine, To see the

wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine. But,

wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine. But, O their end, their

O their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanct - u - a - ry taught me so, On

But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanct - u - a - ry

But, O their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanct - u - a - ry taught me

dread - ful end, Thy sanct - u - a - - ry taught me so, On

slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - - 'ry bil - lows roll be - low.

taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - 'ry bil - lows roll be - low.

so, On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - 'ry bil - lows roll be - low.

slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - - 'ry bil - lows roll be - low.

BOSTON. C. M.

BILLINGS.

Methinks I see a heav'nly host Of an-gels on the wing, Methinks I hear their

Methinks I see a heav'nly host Of an-gels on the wing, Methinks I hear their

Methinks I see a heav'nly host Of an-gels on the wing, Methinks I hear their

Methinks I see a heav'nly host Of an-gels on the wing, Methinks I hear their

cheerful notes, So mer-ri - ly they sing. "Let all your fears be banished hence; Glad

cheerful notes, So mer-ri - ly they sing. "Let all your fears be banished hence; Glad

cheerful notes, So mer-ri - ly they sing. "Let all your fears be banished hence: Glad

cheerful notes, So mer-ri - ly they sing. "Let all your fears be banished hence; Glad

ti-dings we proclaim, For there's a Sav-iour born to-day, And Je - sus is His name."

ti-dings we proclaim, For there's a Sav-iour born to-day, And Je - sus is His name."

ti-dings we proclaim, For there's a Sav-iour born to-day, And Je - sus is His name."

ti-dings we proclaim, For there's a Sav-iour born to-day, And Je - sus is His name."

(2 pp.)

INGALLS.

1. { Sav - iour, vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain; }
{ All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain; }

2. { Keep no lon-ger at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high; }
{ Lest for want of Thine as - sis - tance, Ev - 'ry plant will droop and die; }

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek re - demp-tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

Turn to the Lord and seek re - demp-tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

Turn to the Lord and seek re - demp-tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

RUSSIA. L. M.

READ.

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty; Laid

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty;

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty;

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a balance

in a balance both ap-pear Light as a puff of empty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

Laid in a bal - ance both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

Laid in a bal - ance both appear Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

both appear Light as a puff of emp - ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

LISBON. S. M.

READ.

Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel -

Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-come to this re -

come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - - - - - - ing eyes.

Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

Welcome to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re-joic - ing eyes.

viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes. And these . . re - joic - ing eyes.

KIMBALL.

Let Him to whom we now be-long, His sov - 'reign right as - sert, And take up ev - 'ry

Let Him to whom we now be-long, His sov - 'reign right as - sert, And take up ev - 'ry

Let Him to whom we now be-long, His sov - 'reign right as - sert, And take up ev - 'ry

Let Him to whom we now be-long, His sov - 'reign right as - sert, And take up ev - 'ry

p

thankful song, And ev-'ry lov-ing heart; He justly claims us for His own, Who bought us with a

thankful song, And ev-'ry lov-ing heart;

p

thankful song, And ev-'ry lov-ing heart; He just-ly claims us for His own,

thankful song, And ev-'ry lov-ing heart; Who bought us with a

f

price, The Christian lives to Christ a-lone, To Christ a - lone he dies, To Christ a - lone he dies.

f

The Christian lives to Christ a-lone, To Christ a - lone he dies, To Christ a - lone he dies.

f

The Christian lives to Christ a - lone, To Christ a - lone he dies, To Christ a - lone he dies.

f

price, The Christian lives to Christ a-lone, To Christ a - lone he dies, To Christ a - lone he dies.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

INGALLS.

How long, dear Sav-iour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly

How long, dear Sav-iour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay?

How long, dear Sav-iour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay?

How long, dear Sav-iour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly swift - er round, ye

swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel-come day, And bring . . the wel - come day.

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, ... And bring the wel - come day.

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring . . the wel - come day.

wheels of time, Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day.

DEVOTION. L. M.

READ.

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal care shall seize my breast; Oh,

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal care shall seize my breast;

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal care shall seize my breast;

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal care shall seize my breast; Oh, may my heart in

may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound, sound

Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Dav-id's harp of sol-emn sound, sound.

Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound, sound.

tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound, Like Dav-id's harp of sol - emn sound, sound.

INVITATION. L. M.

KIMBALL.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a

youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spices grow. Fly like a

youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spices grow.

youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spices grow.

youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spices grow. Fly like a youthful hart or

youthful hart or roe, . . O - ver the hills where spices grow, Fly like a youth - ful hart . . .

Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - - - - - - ver the

Fly like a youthful hart. . . . . or roe, O - - - - - - ver the

roe, O - ver the hills where spi - - - - - ces grow, Fly like a youth-ful hart . . .

. . . . . or roe, ... O - ver the hills . . . . . where spi - ces grow.

hills where spi - ces grow O - ver the hills . . . . . where spi - ces grow.

hills where spi - ces grow O - ver the hills, where spi - ces grow.

. . . . . or roe, O - ver hills where spi - ces grow.

(2 pp.)

SHERBURNE. C. M.

READ.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an-gel of the

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground. The

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And

Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a-round, The

an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around, And glo - - - - - ry

The an - gel of the Lord came dowu, And glo - ry shone a-round, And glo - ry

glo - - - - - - ry shone a-round, And glo - - - - - ry shone a-round,

an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.

shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round . . .

shone a - round, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. . . .

MOUNT SION. S. M.

The hill of Si - on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

The hill of Si - on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

The hill of Si - on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

The hill of Si - on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs a - bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im -

Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be

Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

Then let our songs a - bound, And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground to

manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high, We're marching thro' We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're march - -

dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro', We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground to

marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high, We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're march -

fair - er worlds on high, We're marching thro', We're marching thro', We're marching thro', We're marching,

- - - ing thro' We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

fair - er worlds, To fair-er worlds on high, We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

- - - - ing thro', We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

march - ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

(2 pp.)

MAJESTY. C. M.

BILLINGS.

The Lord de - scend-ed from a - bove, And bowed the heav'ns most high, And un - der -

The Lord de-scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high,

The Lord de-scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And un - der -

The Lord de - scend-ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high,

neath His feet He cast The dark - - ness of the sky.

The dark - - ness of the sky.

neath His feet He cast The dark - - ness of the sky.

His feet He cast The dark - - ness of the sky. On cherub and on

Full roy - al - ly He rode, And on the wings of migh - ty winds Came

Full roy - al - ly He rode, . . And on the wings of migh - ty winds Came

Full roy - al - ly He rode, . . And on the wings of migh - ty winds Came

cher - u - bim, Full roy - al - ly He rode, And on the wings of migh - ty winds Came

fly - ing all a - broad, And on the wings of migh-ty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

fly - ing all a - broad, And on the wings of migh-ty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

fly - ing all a - broad, And on the wings of migh-ty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

fly - ing all a - broad, And on the wings of migh - ty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

OCEAN. C. M.

SWAN.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record,

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record,

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record,

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record,

Who tempt that dang'rous way. At Thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring

Who tempt that dang'rous way. At Thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, And

Who tempt that dang'rous way. At Thy command the

Who tempt that dang'rous way. At Thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, .

waves, The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

swell the tow'ring waves, The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

winds arise, And swell . . the tow'ring waves, The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

. . . . . The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

(2 pp.)

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

INGALLS.

From the third heav'n where God resides, That holy, hap-py place, The New Je - ru - sa-

From the third heav'n where God resides, That holy, hap-py place,

From the third heav'n where God resides, That ho-ly, hap-py place, The

From the third heav'n where God resides, That holy, hap-py place, The New Je - ru-salem comes down, A-

lem comes down, A - dorn'd . . . . . with shin - ing grace, The

The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd . . . .

New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd . . . . . with shin - ing grace,

dorn'd . . . . . with shin - ing grace, The New Je - ru - sa -

New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

. . . . with shin - ing grace, Adorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

The New Je-ru - sa-lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorn'd with shining grace. A-dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

TURNER. C. M.

MAXIM.

Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come,

Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Come, Ho-ly Spirit, heavenly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come, shed abroad a

shed a-broad a Saviour's love, Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And

Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And

Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall

Sav - - iour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours, And

that shall kindle ours, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

that shall kindle ours, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

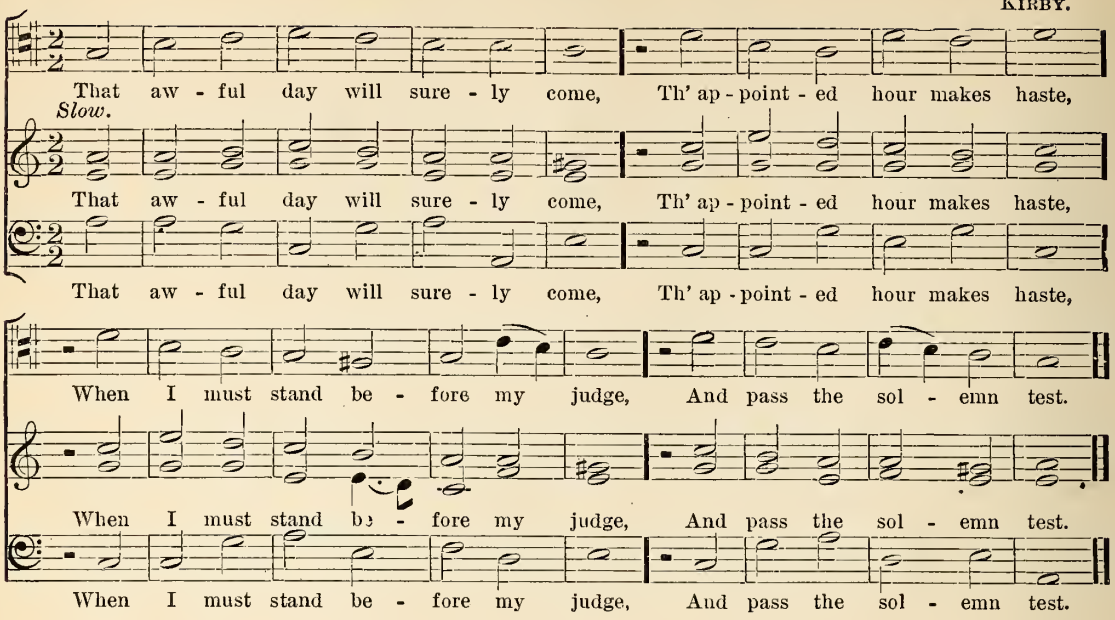
kin - - dle ours, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

that shall kindle ours, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love. And that shall kin-dle ours.

(2 pp.)

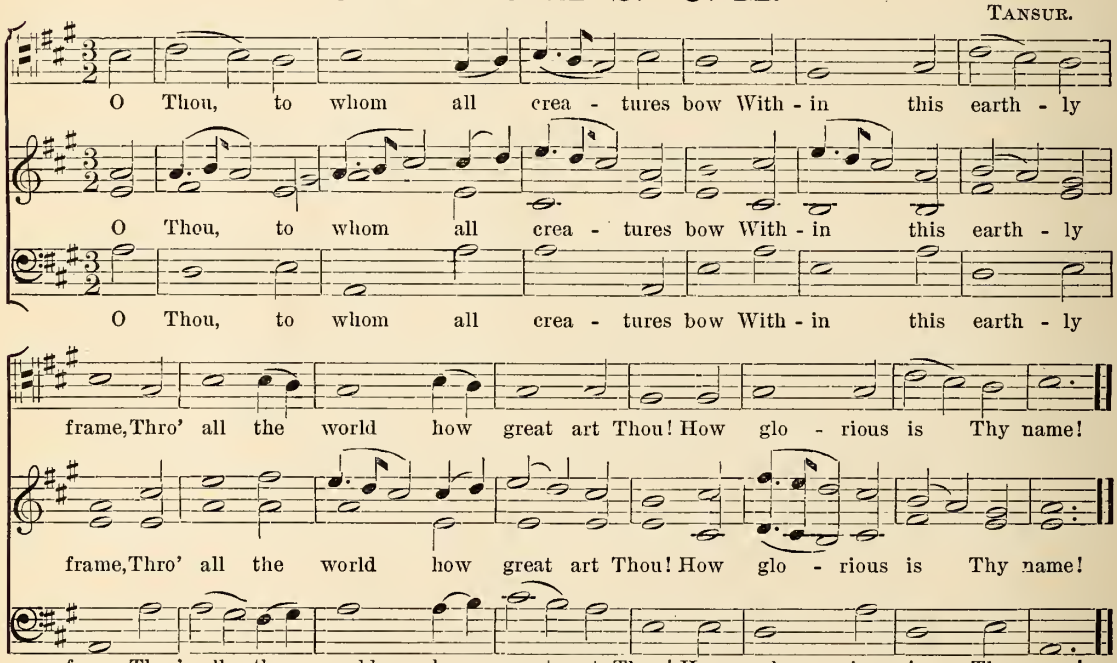
WINDSOR. C. M.

KIRBY.



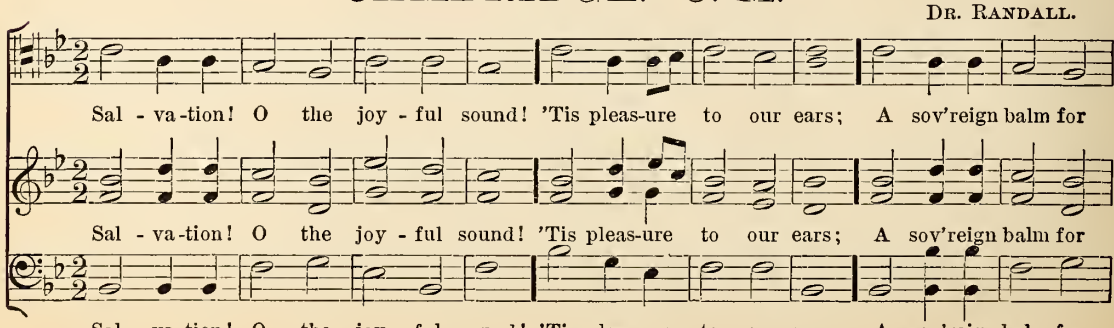
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

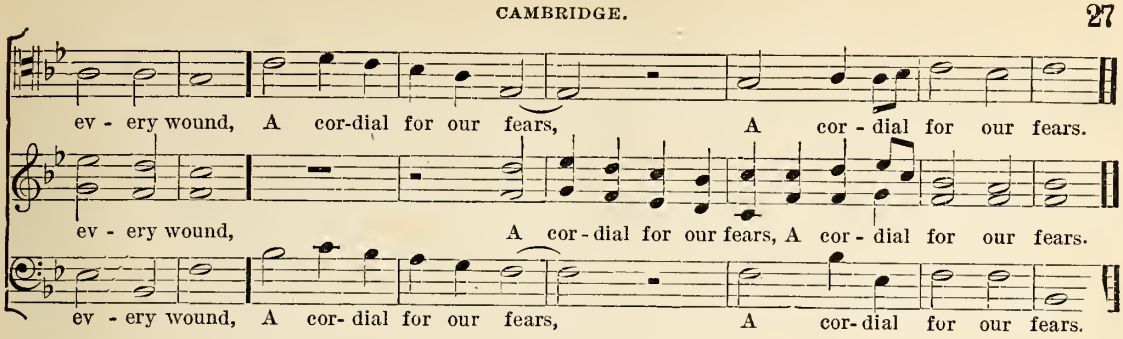
TANSUR.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

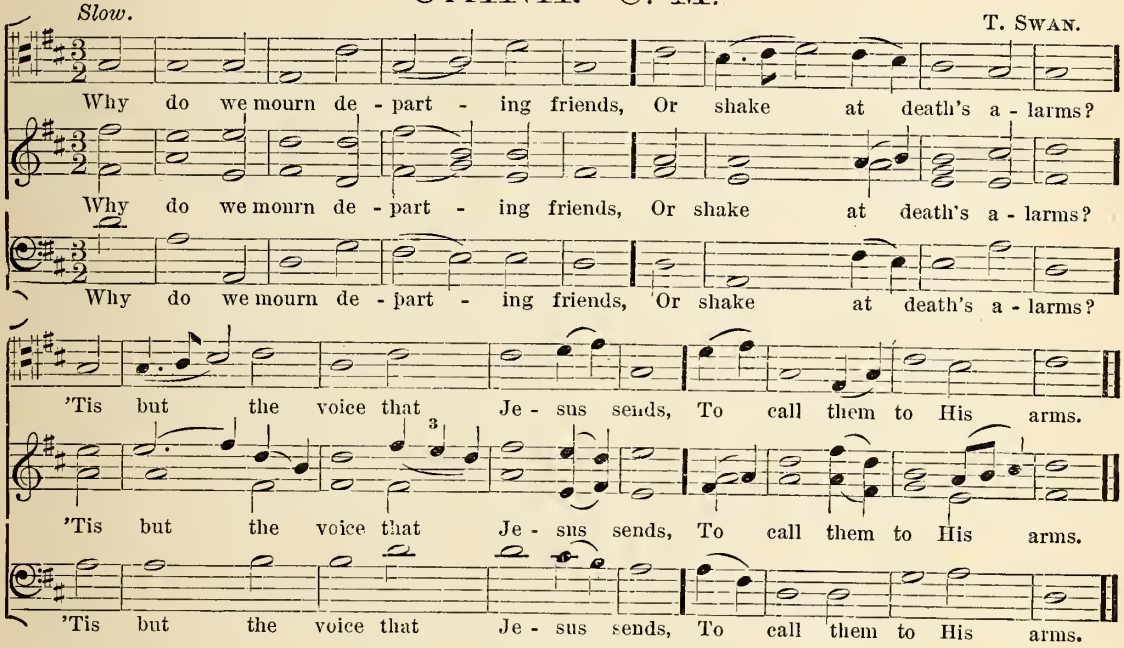
DR. RANDALL.





CHINA. C. M.

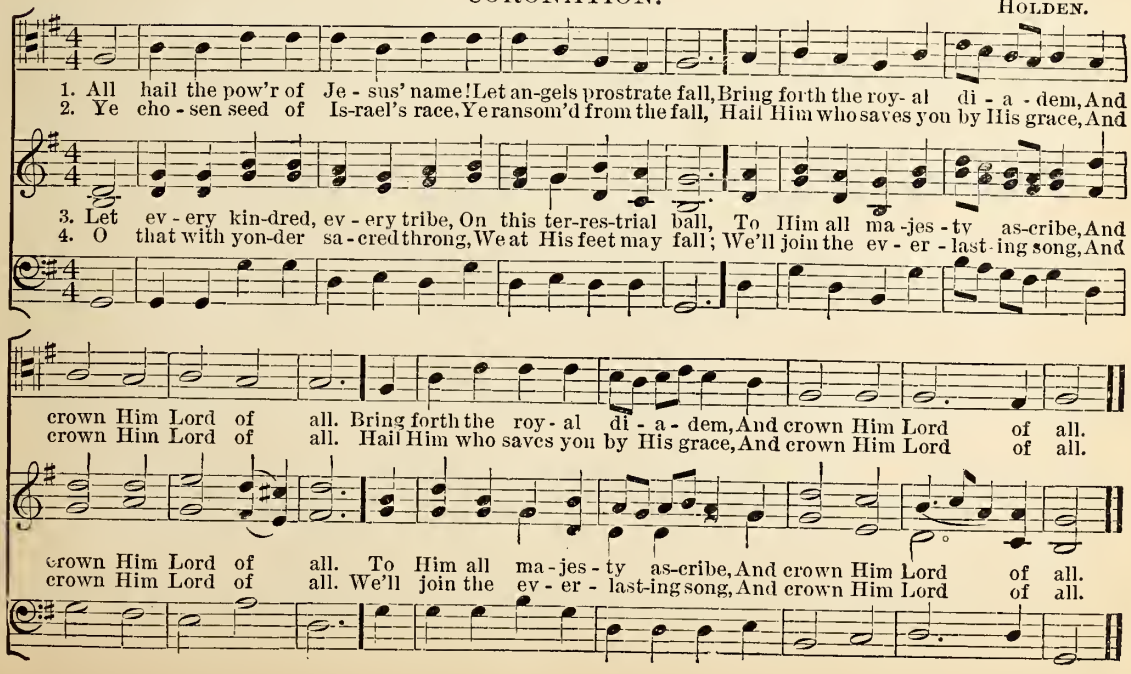
Slow. T. SWAN.



ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

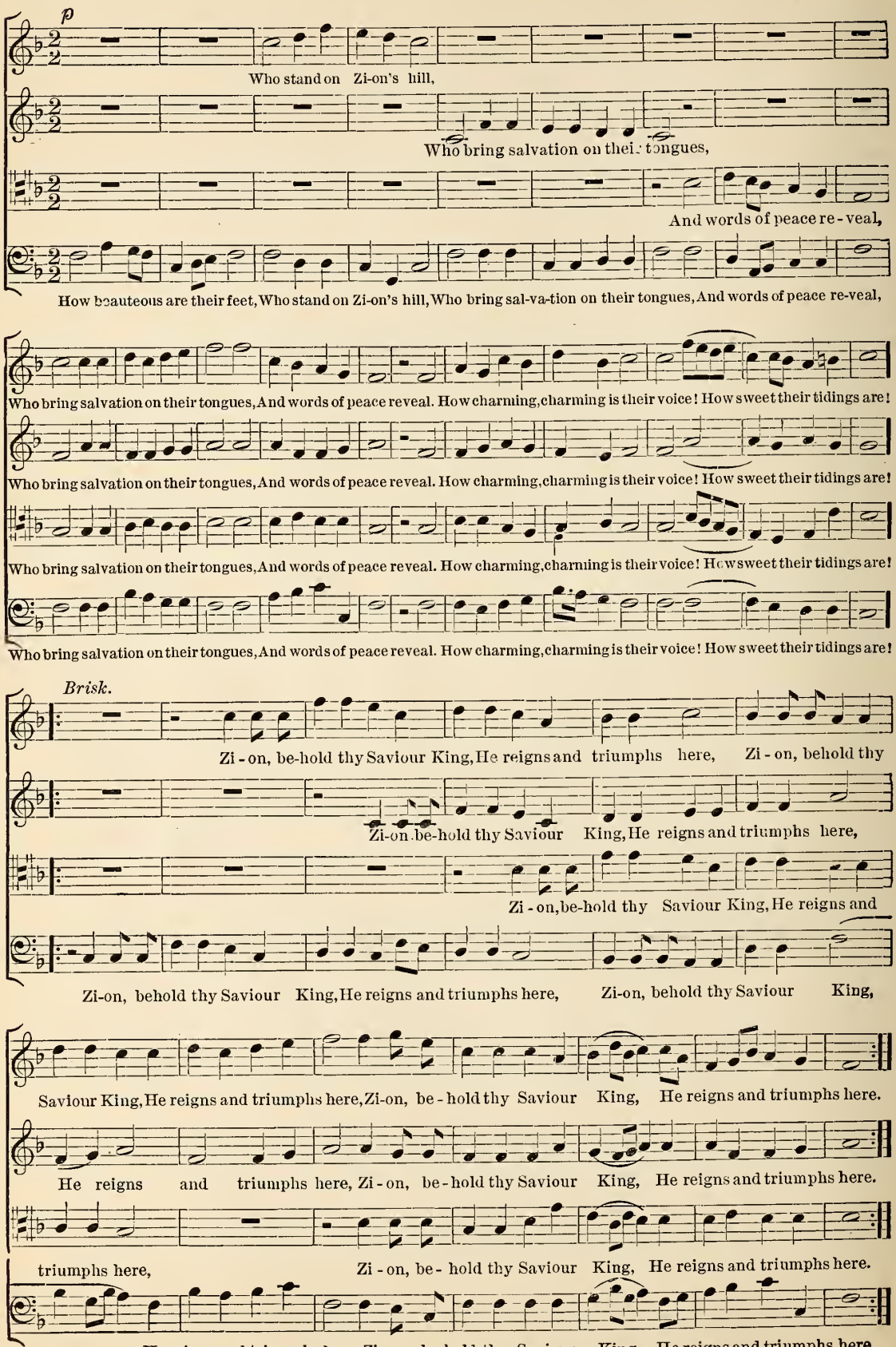
CORONATION.

HOLDEN.



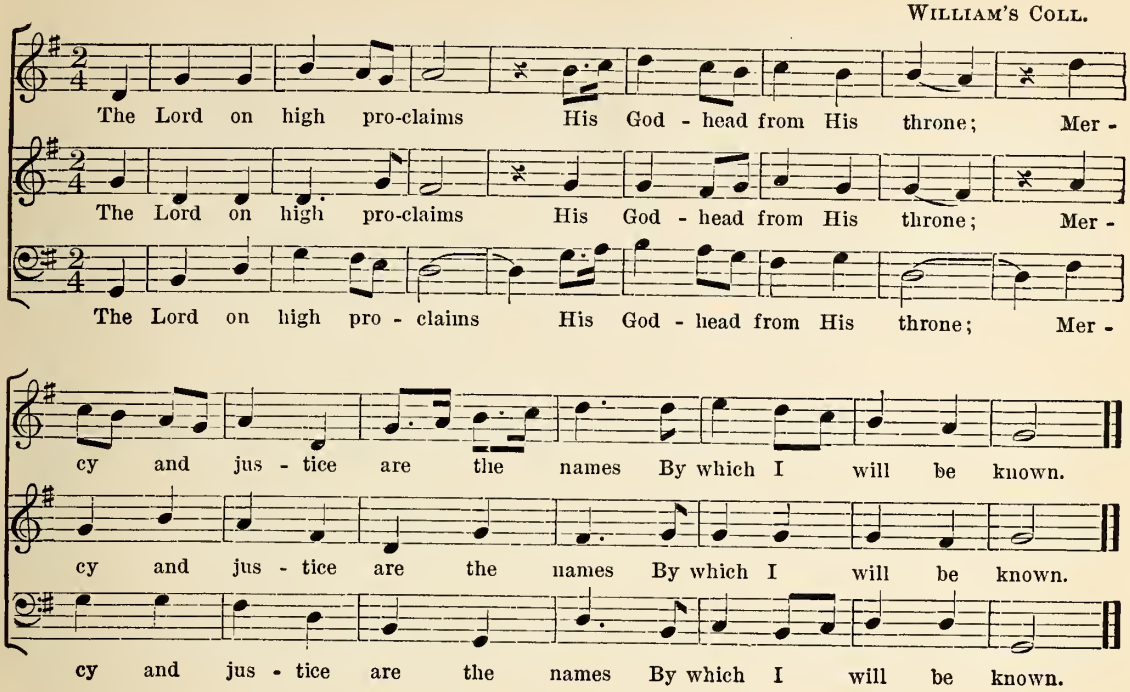
WORCESTER. S. M.

WOOD.



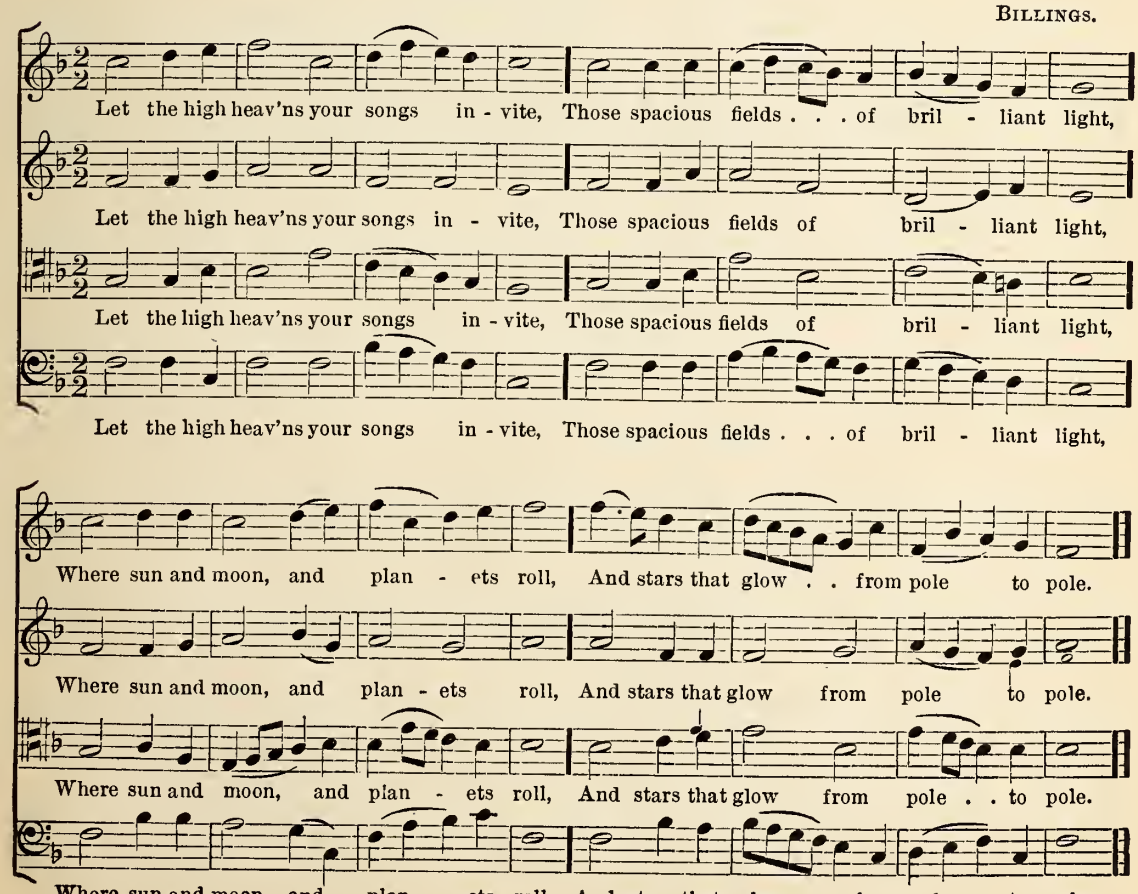
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAM'S COLL.



CHESTER. L. M.

BILLINGS.



COMPLAINT. L. M.

PARMETER.

Spare us, O Lord, a - loud we cry, . . Nor let our sun . . . go down . . . at noon,

Spare us, O Lord, a - loud we cry, . . Nor let our sun go down at noon,

Spare us, O Lord, a - loud we cry, . . Nor let our sun go down at noon,

Spare us, O Lord, a - loud we cry, . . Nor let our sun . . . go down . . . at noon, Thy

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must Thy chil - dren die so

Thy years are one e - ter - nal

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must Thy children

years are one e - ter - nal day, And must Thy chil - - - dren die so

soon? Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must Thy children die so soon?

day, Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must Thy children die so soon?

die so soon? Thy years are one e - ter-nal day, And must Thy children die so soon?

soon? Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must Thy children die so soon?

MAXIM.

When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell, Where

When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell,

When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell,

When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell, Where He is gone they

He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love Him, too, That

Where He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and

Where He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love Him too,

fain would know, That they may seek and love Him, too, That they may seek and

they may seek and love Him, too, Where He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love Him, too.

love Him, too, Where He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love Him, too.

Where He is gone they fain . . . . would know, . . That they may seek and love Him, too.

love Him, too. Where He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love Him, too.

MONTAGUE. L. M.

SWAN.

Ye sons of men, with joy re - cord The va-rious wonders of the Lord, And let His power and

Ye sons of men, with joy re - cord The va-rious won-ders of the Lord, And let His power and

Ye sons of men, with joy re - cord The va-rious wonders of the Lord, And let His power and

Ye sons of men, with joy re - cord The va-rious wonders of the Lord, And let His power and

good - ness sound Thro' all your tribes the world a - round. Let the high heav'ns your

good - ness sound Thro' all your tribes the world a - round.

good - ness sound Thro' all your tribes the world a-round. Let

good - ness sound Thro' all your tribes the world a - round. Let the high heav'ns your songs in-vite, Those

songs in - vite, Those spa-cious fields of bril - liant light, Those spa-cious fields of bril - liant light, Where

Let the high heav'ns your songs in - vite, Those spa-cious fields of bril-liant light, Where

the high heav'ns your songs in - vite, Those spa - cious fields of bril - liant light, Where

spa-cious fields of bril-liant light, Those spa - cious fields of bril - liant light, Where

sun, and moon, and plan-ets roll, . . . And stars that glow from pole . . . . to pole.

sun, and moon, ... and plan-ets roll, And stars that glow from pole . . . . to pole.

sun, and . . . . . moon, and plan - ets roll, And stars that glow from pole . . . to pole.

sun, and moon, and plan - ets roll, And stars that glow from pole . . . to pole.

(2 pp)

MAXIM.

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;

Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound,

Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of

Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like

Oh, may my heart in tune be found, ... Like Da - vid's harp of.

Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound, Oh, may my heart in

sol-emn sound. Like Da -vid's harp of sol - emn sound,

Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound, Oh,

sol - emn sound . . . . . Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like

tune be found, Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

may my heart in tune . . . be found, . . Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound

Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

PUCITTA.

Allegro.

SOLO.

Strike the cymbal, roll the tymbal, Let the trump of tri-umph sound;

CHORUS.

Pow'r - ful sling-ing, head - long bring-ing proud Go - li - ath to the ground.

Pow'r - ful sling-ing, head - long bring-ing proud Go - li - ath to the ground.

Pow'r - ful sling-ing, head - long bring-ing proud Go - li - ath to the ground.

Pow'r - ful sling-ing, head - long bring-ing proud Go - li - ath to the ground

(4 pp.)

SOLO.

From the riv-er re-ject-ing quiver, Ju-dah's he-ro takes the stone;

CHORUS.

Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho-san-na, bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone.

Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho-san-na, bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone.

Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho-san-na, bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone.

Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho-san-na, bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone.

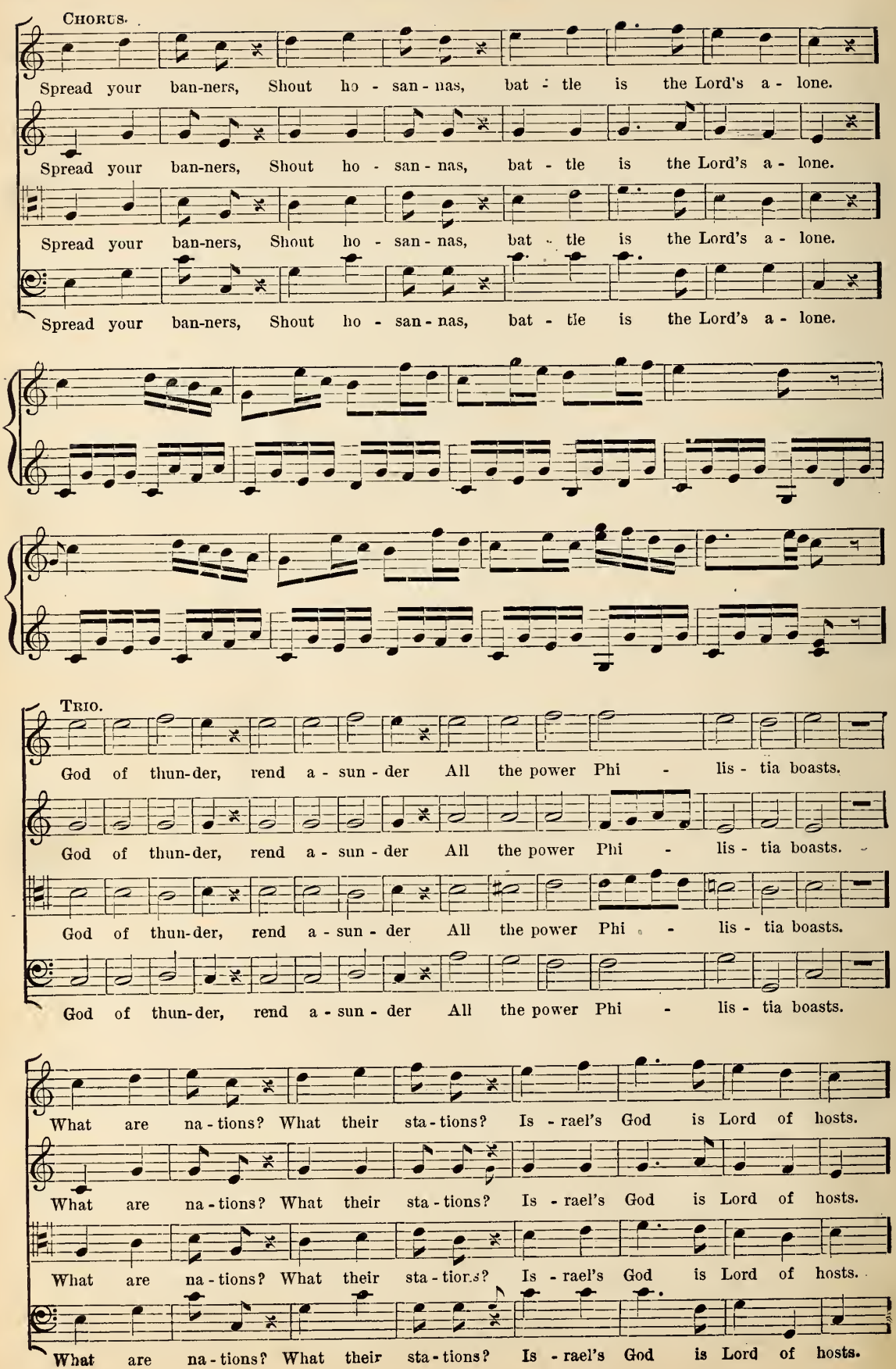
SOPRANO SOLO.

See, ad-vanc-es, with songs and danc-es,

TENOR SOLO.

All the band of

Is-rael's daughters. Catch the sound, ye hills and wa-ters:


Chorus.
Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho - san - nas, bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho - san - nas, bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho - san - nas, bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
Spread your ban-ners, Shout ho - san - nas, bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
Trio.
God of thun-der, rend a - sun - der All the power Phi - lis - tia boasts.
God of thun-der, rend a - sun - der All the power Phi - lis - tia boasts.
God of thun-der, rend a - sun - der All the power Phi - lis - tia boasts.
God of thun-der, rend a - sun - der All the power Phi - lis - tia boasts.
What are na - tions? What their sta - tions? Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.
What are na - tions? What their sta - tions? Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.
What are na - tions? What their sta - tions? Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.
What are na - tions? What their sta - tions? Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.

SOLO. *slower.* *Faster.*

What are haugh-ty monarchs now? Lo, be - fore Je - ho - vah bow; Pride of princes, strength of kings,

CHORUS.

To the dust Je - ho - vah brings; Praise Him, Praise Him, ex - ult - ing na - tions

To the dust Je - ho - vah brings; Praise Him, ex - ult - ing na - tions

tr

To the dust Je - ho - vah brings; Praise Him, ex - ult ing na - tions

INST. VOICE.

praise, Praise Him, Praise Him, ex - ult - ing na - tions praise; Ho - san -

praise, Praise Him, ex - ult - ing na - tions praise; Ho - san -

INST.

praise, Praise Him, ex - ult - ing na - tions praise; Ho - san -

INST. VOICE.

na, Ho-san - na, Ho san - - - - - - na. . . . . .

na, Ho-san - na, Ho- san - - - - - - na. . . . . .

na, Ho-san - na, Ho - san - - - - - - na. . . . . .

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

(Miriam's Song.)

Con spirito.

Charles Avison.

tr

Con spirito. 1st time Soli Pia.
2d time Tutti For.

1. Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea; . . . . . Je-ho-vah has triumphed, His
2. Praise to the con-quer-or; Praise to the Lord: . . . . His word was our ar-row, His

1. Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea; . . . . . Je-ho-vah has triumph'd His
2. Praise to the con-quer-or; Praise to the Lord: . . . . His word was our ar-row His

omit 2d.

peo-ple are free; . . . . Sing, for the pride of the ty-rant is brok-en; His
breath was our sword . . . . Who shall re-turn to tell E-gypt the sto-ry Of

peo-ple are free; Sing, for the pride of the ty-rant is brok-en; His
breath was our sword Who shall re-turn to tell E-gypt the sto-ry Of

chari-ots, His horse-men all splen-did and brave; How vain was their boast-ing, the
those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? The Lord hath look'd out from His

chari-ots, His horse-men all splen-did and brave; How vain was their boast-ing the
those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? The Lord hath look'd out from His

Lord hath but spo-ken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
pi' - lar of glo - ry, And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

f

Lord hath but spo-ken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
pil - lar of glo - ry, And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

1st time Soli Pia.
2d time Tutti For.

Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E - gypt's dark sea; . . . . . Je - ho - vah has triumphed, His
Praise to the Con-quer - or; Praise to the Lord; . . . . His word was our ar - row, His

Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E - gypt's dark sea; . . . . . Je - ho - vah has triumph'd His
Praise to the Con-quer - or; Praise to the Lord: . . . . His word was our ar - row His

1 2 CODA. *f*

peo - ple are free, peo - ple are free, His peo - ple are free, His peo - ple are free.
breath was our sword, breath was our sword, His breath was our sword, His breath was our sword.

peo - ple are free, peo - ple are free, His peo - ple are free, His peo - ple are free.
breath was our sword, breath was our sword, His breath was our sword, His breath was our sword.

f *tr.*

MILFORD. C. M.

STEPHENSON.

Brisk.

If angels sung . . a Sav - iour's birth, If angels sung a Sav - iour's, Sav - iour's birth On

If an - gels sung . . . a Sav - iour's, Sav - iour's birth On

If angels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung a Sav - iour's birth On

If an - gels sung . . a Sav - iour's birth, If angels sung a Sav - iour's birth, On

that au - spicious morn, We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth,

that au - spicious morn, We well may im-i - tate . . . . . their mirth, Now

that au - spicious morn, We well may im-i - tate their mirth,

that au - spicious morn, We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate . . . . . their mirth,

Now He a - gain is born, Now He a - gain is born.

He a - gain is born, ... Now He a-gain, Now He a - gain is born.

Now He a - gain is born, Now He a-gain is born, Now He a - gain is born.

Now He a-gain is born, Now He a - gain . . . . . is born.

1. Oh! say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread

3. And where is that band who so vaun-ting - ly swore That the hav - oc of war, and the
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er, when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved home and the

twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the per - i - lous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing sweep, As it

bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la - tion, Bless'd with vic - t'ry and peace, May the heaven-res-cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the

blood has wash'd out their foul foot-step's pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the
power that has made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our

burst - ing in air. Gave proof thro' the night, that our flag was still there; Oh, say does the
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span - gled

hire - ling and slave, From the ter-ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span - gled
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our Trust:" And the star-span - gled

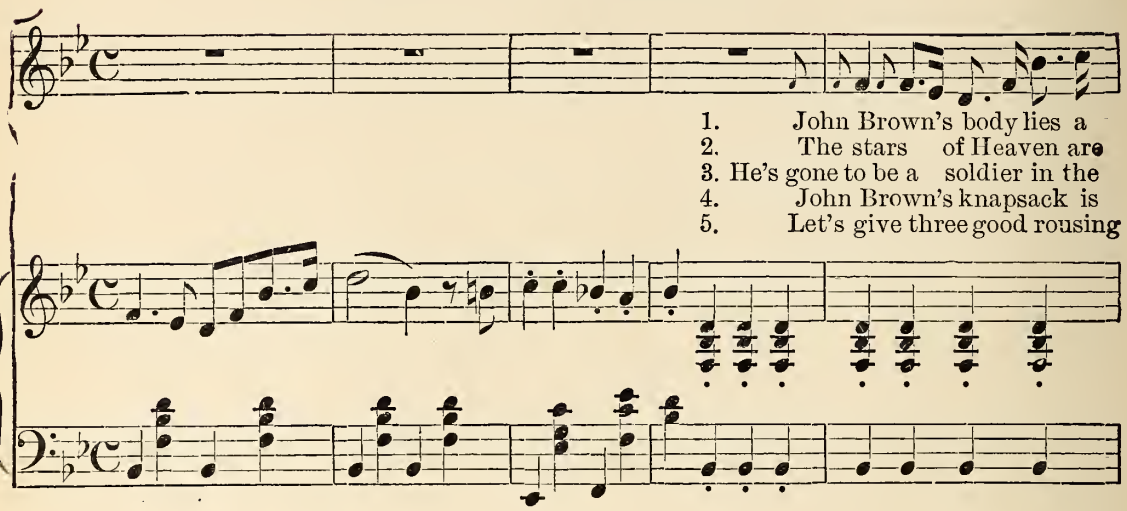
star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban - ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

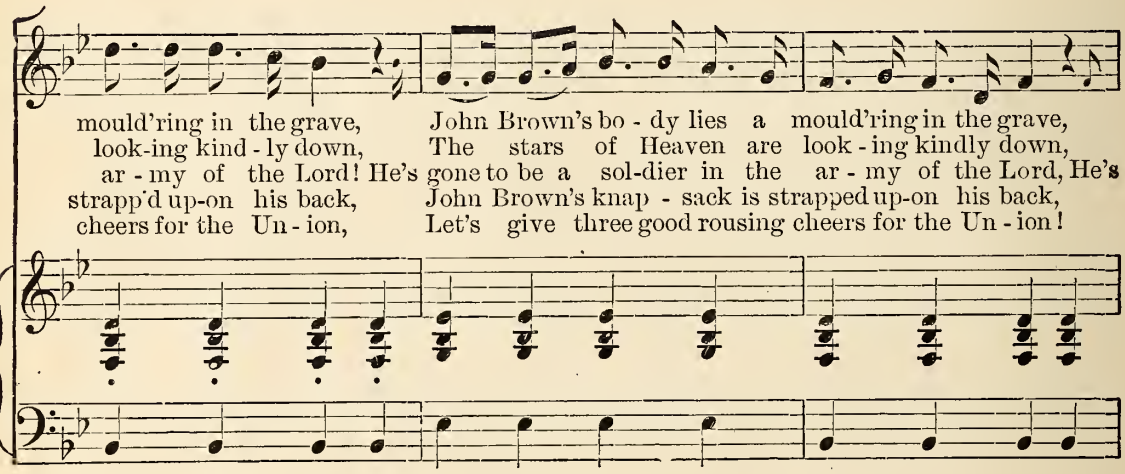
JOHN BROWN.

OR

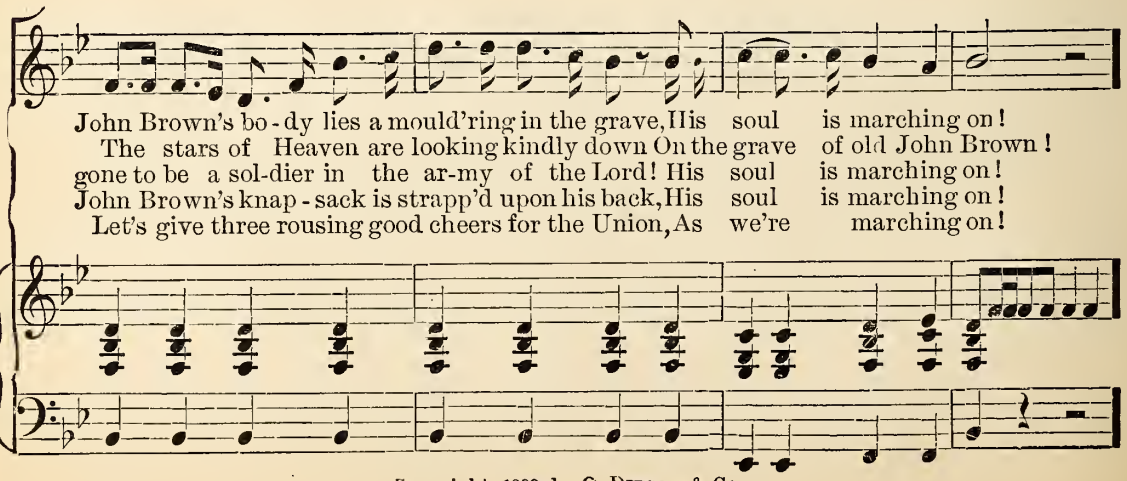
GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!



1. John Brown's body lies a
2. The stars of Heaven are
3. He's gone to be a soldier in the
4. John Brown's knapsack is
5. Let's give three good rousing



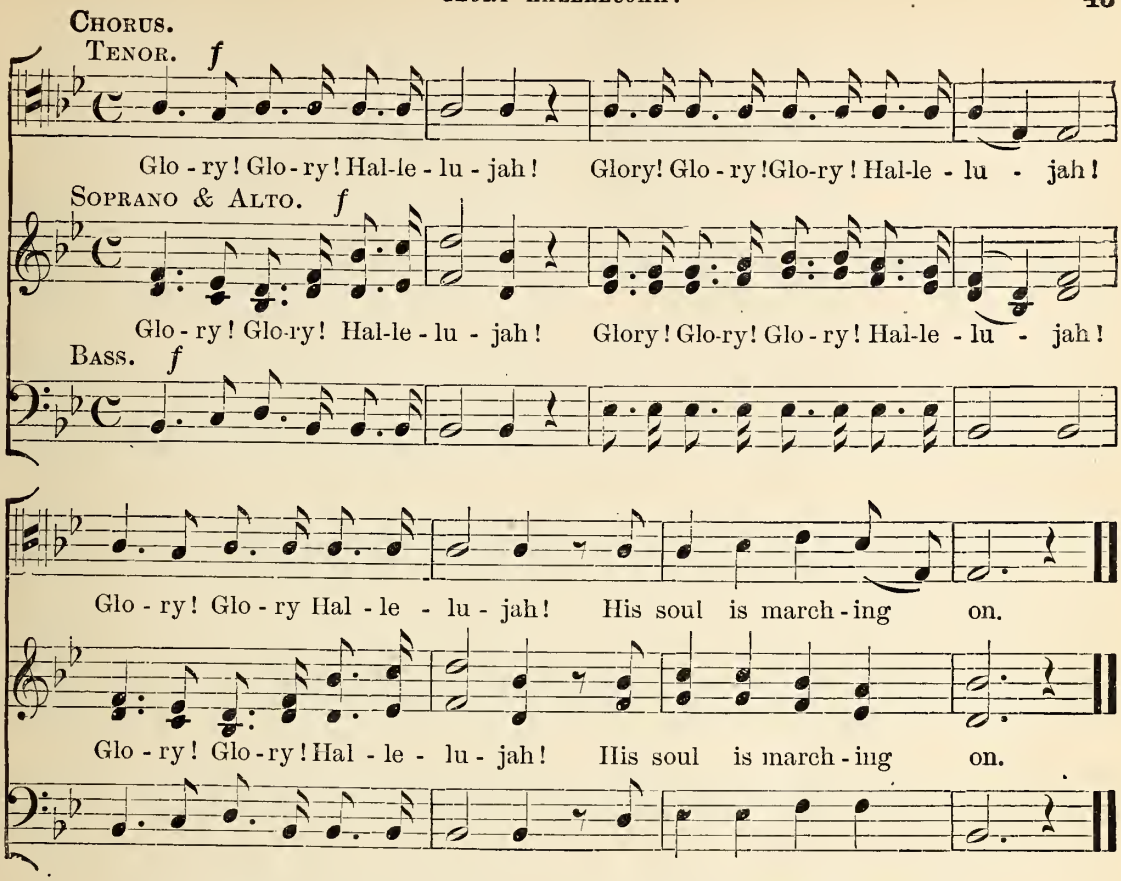
mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,
look-ing kind - ly down, The stars of Heaven are look - ing kindly down,
ar - my of the Lord! He's gone to be a sol-dier in the ar - my of the Lord, He's
strapp'd up-on his back, John Brown's knap - sack is strapped up-on his back,
cheers for the Un - ion, Let's give three good rousing cheers for the Un - ion!



John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, His soul is marching on!
The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down On the grave of old John Brown!
gone to be a sol-dier in the ar-my of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
John Brown's knap - sack is strapp'd upon his back, His soul is marching on!
Let's give three rousing good cheers for the Union, As we're marching on!

(2 pp.)

Copyright, 1889, by C. Ditson & Co.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Words by Julia Ward Howe.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.— Cho.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching.

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.—Cho.

3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.— Cho.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.— Cho.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on.— Cho.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME.

HARWOOD.

Largo. SECOND TREBLE.

Vi - tal spark of heav'n - ly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mor - tal frame!

Vi - tal spark of heav'n - ly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mor - tal frame!

mp

Vi - tal spark of heav'n - ly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mor - tal frame!

Trembling, hop - ing, lin - g'ring, fly - ing!— Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy - ing.

Trembling, hop - ing, lin - g'ring, fly - ing!— Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy - ing.

cres.

Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy - ing.

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life!

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life!

p

And let me lan - guish in - to life!

♪ = 88.

Hark! they whis - per, an - gels say, they whis - per, an - gels say, they whis - per, they

Hark! Hark! Hark! they

f *p*

Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark! they

p

Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark! they

(4 pp.)

whisper, angels say— "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!" "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!"

2ND TREBLE.

f

whisper, angels say— "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!" "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!"

whisper, angels say— "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!"

f

whisper, an - gels say— "Sis-ter spir - it, come a - way!"

cres.

What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight, Drowns my spir - it,

What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight, Drowns my spir - it,

What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight, Drowns my spir - it,

p

What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight, Drowns my spir - it,

p *cres.* *f* *p*

draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death!

f *p*

draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? my soul, can this be death!

p

draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? my soul, can this be death!

f *p*

draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? my soul, can this be death!

Andante. *cres.* *f* *dim.*

The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears; Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! My

The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears; Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! My

The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears; Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! My

p

The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears; Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! My

♩ = 112.

cres *con spirito.*

ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O

ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly,

ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O

ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly,

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O

death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?

death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?

death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?

death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? —Unison.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, ... O grave, where is thy

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, ... O grave, where is thy

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry?

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry?

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry?

death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?

where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?

where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?

O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, ... O grave, where is thy

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy

f

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, ... O grave, where is thy

Adagio.

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death. O death, where is thy sting?

vic - to - ry? thy - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

S. STANLEY.

Larghetto.

p

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace,

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace,

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace,

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace,

f

Still on gos - pel man - na feed - ing, Pure, se - raph - ic love in-crease. Fill each breast with

Still on gos - pel man - na feed - ing, Pure, se - raph - ic love in-crease. Fill each breast with

Still on gos - pel man - na feed - ing, Pure, se - raph - ic love in-crease. Fill each breast with

Still on gos - pel man - na feed - ing, Pure, se - raph - ic love in-crease. Fill each breast with

f *p*

con - so - la - tion. Up to Thee our hearts we'll raise, Till we reach that bliss - ful sta - tion,

con - so - la - tion, Up to Thee our hearts we'll raise, Till we reach that bliss - ful sta tion,

con - so - la - tion, Up to Thee our hearts we'll raise, Till we reach that bliss - ful sta - tion,

con - so - la - tion, Up to Thee our hearts we'll raise, Till we reach that bliss - ful sta - tion,

f *Vivace.*

Where we'll give Thee no - bler praise. And sing Hal - le - lu - jah, sing Hal - le - lu - jah.

Where we'll give Thee no - bler praise. And sing Hal - le - lu - jah, sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

Where we'll give Thee no - bler praise. And sing Hal - le - lu - jah, sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

Where we'll give Thee no - bler praise. And sing Hal - le - lu - jah, sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

(3 pp.)

sing Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

sing Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

sing Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb. Sing, Hal - le - lu - jah,

sing Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb. Sing, Hal - le - lu - jan,

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

sing, Hal - le - lu - jah,

sing, Hal - le - lu - jah,

ORG.

CHORUS.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah,

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb.

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb.

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - - - jah, to God and the Lamb.

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb.

CHILD OF MORTALITY.

ANTHEM.

BRAY.

Slow. SYM.

p *cres.* *p*

SOPRANO SOLO. DUET. SOLO.

Child, child of mor - tal - i - ty, Child, child of mor - tal - i - ty, whence dost thou come?

From the dark womb of earth I first derived my birth, And when the word goes forth, That is my home.

BASS SOLO.

CHORUS.

1ST SOPRANO.

From the dark womb of earth I first de - rived my birth, And

2ND SOPRANO.

From the dark womb of earth I first de - rived my birth, And

TENOR.

From the dark womb of earth I first de - rived my birth, And

BASS.

From the dark womb of earth I first de - rived my birth, And

when the word goes forth, That, that is my home.

when the word goes forth, That, that is my home.

SYM.

when the word goes forth, That, that is my home.

when the word goes forth, That, that is my home.

(4 pp.)

TENOR SOLO.

p Child of a transient day, There shalt thou rest; there, there, there shalt thou rest.

SOPRANO SOLO.

No, when this dream is o'er, Then the freed soul will soar To where sorrow comes no more, Realms of the blest.

CHORUS.

No, when this dream is o'er, Then the freed soul will soar To where sor - row

No, when this dream is o'er, Then the freed soul will soar To where sor - row

No, when this dream is o'er, Then the freed soul will soar To where sor - row

No, when this dream is o'er, Then the freed soul will soar To where sor - row

comes no more, Realms of the blest.

comes no more, Realms of the blest.

comes no more, Realms of the blest.

comes no more, Realms of the blest.

Heir, heir of e - ter - ni - ty, Heir, heir of e - ter - ni - ty, teach me the road.

BASS SOLO.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Trust a Redeemer's love, Faith by o - bedience prove, And share in courts a-bove, Christ's own a-bode.

The lower notes in the four following measures are like the original; but if thought too low, the upper notes may be sung.

f CHORUS.

Trust a Re-deem-er's love, Faith by o - bedience prove, And share in courts a - bove, Christ's own a-

f

Trust a Re-deemer's love, Faith by o - bedience prove, And share in courts a - bove, Christ's own a-

f

Trust a Re-deemer's love, Faith by o - bedience prove, And share in courts above, Christ's own a-

f

Trust a Re-deem-er's love, Faith by o - bedience prove, And share in courts a-bove, Christ's own a-

DUET. *p vivace.*

bode. There, there, in e - the - real plains, Join, join the an - gel - ic strains.

p vivace.

bode. There, there, in e - the - real plains, Join, join the an - gel - ic strains,

SYM.

bode.

p

bode.

f CHORUS. *p* SOLO.

Join, join the an - gel - ic strains, Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Je - sus for - ev - er reigns.

f

Join, join the an - gel - ic strains.

f *p*

Join, join the an - gel - ic strains. Je - sus for - ev - er reigns.

f *p*

Join, join the an - gel - ic strains.

f CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God.

f

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God.

f

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God.

p Solo. *p*

There, in e - the - real plains, Join the an - gel - ic strains, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

p

There, in e - the-real plains, Join the an-

p

glo - ry, Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glo - ry to God, Chorus. *f* Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glo - ry to God.

Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glo - ry to God. *f* Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glo - ry to God.

gel - ic strains, *f* Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glo - ry to God.

Solo. *p* Chorus. *f*

There, in e - the - real plains, Join the an - gel - ic strains, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God,

f

Join the an - gel - ic strains, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God,

p *f*

There, in e - the - real plains, Join the an - gel - ic strains, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God,

f

Adagio.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God.

Adagio.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God.

Adagio.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God.

Adagio.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.

ANTHEM FOR EASTER.

BILLINGS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is

Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is

The Lord is ris'n . . in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah,

ris'n . . in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah,

ris'n . . in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, And be - come the

Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, And be - come the

Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, And be - come the

Now is Christ the

first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, And be - come the

first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah.

first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

And did He rise, And did He

And did He rise, And did He

And did He rise, ... And did He rise, ...

rise, ... did He rise? Hear, O ye na - tions, Hear it, O ye dead.

And did He rise, did He rise? Hear, O ye na - tions, Hear it, O ye dead.

f

rise, ... did He rise? Hear, O ye na - tions, Hear it, O ye dead.

. . . . . , . . did He rise? Hear, O ye na - tions, Hear it, O ye dead.

He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of death,

He

He rose, He rose, He

He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, . . He burst the bars of death, He

He burst the bars of death, And tri - umph'd o'er the grave.

burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And tri - umph'd o'er the grave.

burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And tri - umph'd o'er the grave.

burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And tri - umph'd o'er the grave.

Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first hu-

Then, Then, Then I rose, Then first hu-

Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first hu-

Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first hu-

man-i-ty tri-umphant past the crys-tal ports of light, And seiz'd e-ter-nal youth.

man-i-ty tri-umphant past the crys-tal ports of light, And seiz'd e-ter-nal youth.

man-i-ty tri-umphant past the crys-tal ports of light, And seiz'd e-ter-nal youth.

man-i-ty tri-umphant past the crys-tal ports of light, And seiz'd e-ter-nal youth.

Man, all im-mor-tal, hail! hail! Heav-en all lav-ish of strange gifts to man,

Man, all im-mor-tal, hail! hail! Heav-en all lav-ish of strange gifts to man,

:S: :S:

Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

:S: :S:

Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME.

ANTHEM.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1840.

Allegretto.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! Name ev - er dear to me!

mf

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! Name ev - er dear to me!

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! Name ev - er dear to me!

When! When shall my la - bors have an end In joy and peace,

When! When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, . . . In

When! When shall my la - bors have an end In joy and peace,

In joy and peace, In joy . . . . . and peace with thee?

joy, ... In joy . . . . . and peace with thee?

In joy and peace, In joy . . . . . and peace with thee?

2. Oh, when shall I thy courts.

2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, shall I thy courts as -

2. Oh when shall I thy courts.

thy courts as - cend? Oh, when shall I

cend: Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths

thy courts as - cend? Oh, when shall I

thy courts, thy courts as - cend? 3. There hap - pier bowers

have no end? 3. There hap-pier bowers than E - den's

thy courts, thy courts as - cend? 3. There hap - pier bowers

than E-den's bloom, nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward

bloom, No sin nor sor - row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I

than E-den's bloom, nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward

press to you, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, Je -

on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, Je -

press to you, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, Je -

ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me. . .

ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me. . .

ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me. . .

4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've

4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've

4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may?

Ca - naan's good - ly land . . . in view, And realms of end - - less day.

I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end-less day . . . . . .

I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end-less day. . . . . .

5. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! My soul still pants for thee;

5. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! My soul still pants, My soul still pants for

5. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! My soul still pants for thee;

Then, Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys,

thee; Then, Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I . . . . thy

Then, Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys,

thy joys shall see, When I . . . . . thy joys shall see, thy joys . . shall see. Je -

joys, . . When I . . . . . thy joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je -

thy joys shall see, When I . . . . . thy joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je -

ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!

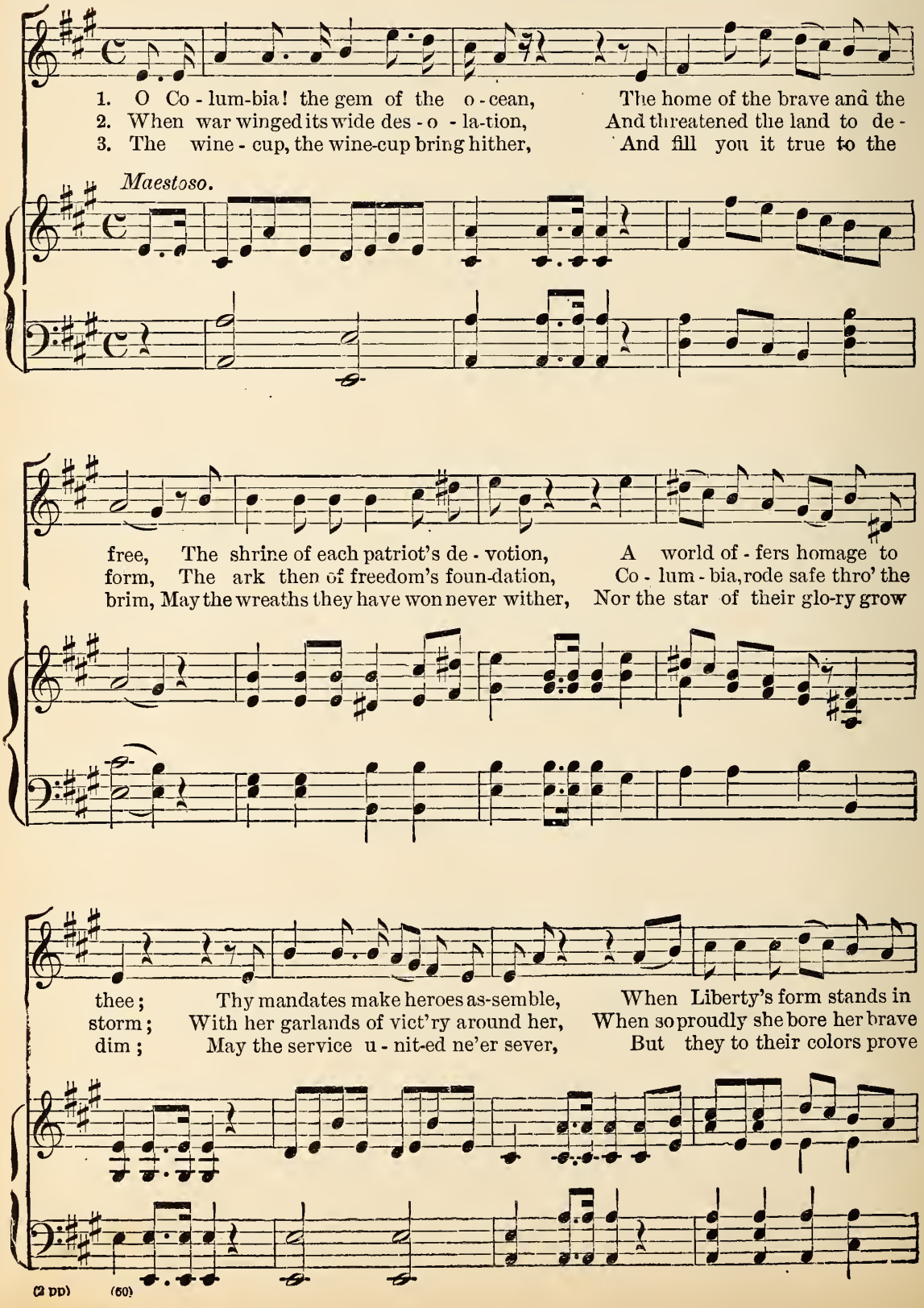
ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!

ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

COLUMBIA, OR THE LAND OF THE BRAVE.

Written and composed by DAVID T. SHAW.



view, Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
crew, With her flag proudly floating before her,— The boast of the red, white, and blue.
true! The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er,— Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, Her
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, The

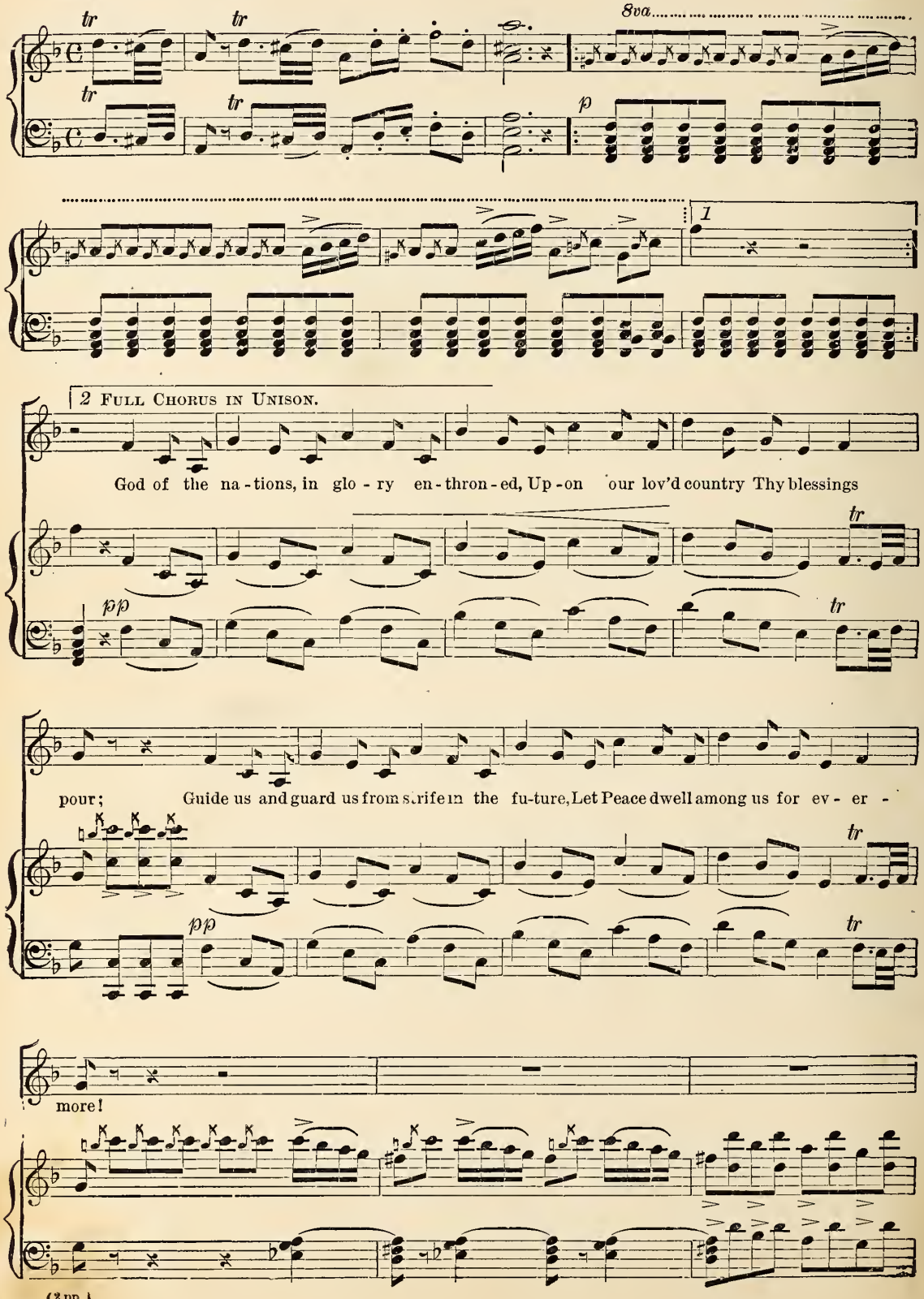
ban-ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag float-ing proud-ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

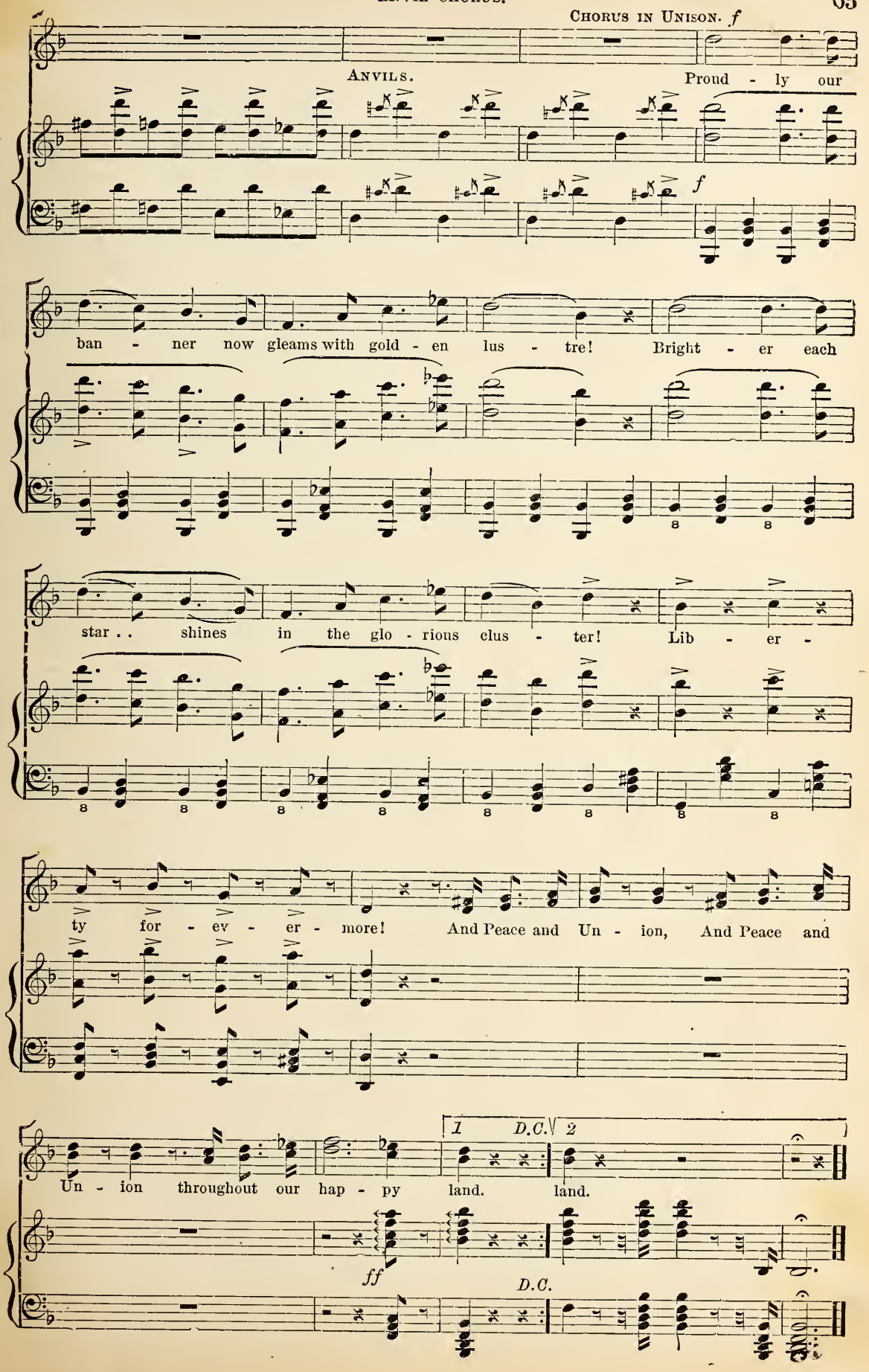
ANVIL CHORUS.

From "IL TROVATORE."

Allegro. M.M. ♩= 120.

VERDI.




CHORUS IN UNISON. f
ANVILS.
Proud - ly our
f
ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - tre! Bright - er each
star . . shines in the glo - rious clus - ter! Lib - er -
ty for - ev - er - more! And Peace and Un - ion, And Peace and
Un - ion throughout our hap - py land. land.
1 D.C. 2
ff
D.C.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heaven-born band, Who
2. Im - mor - tal pa triots! rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore: Let

3. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Wash - ing - ton's great name Ring
4. Be - hold the chief, who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try, stands, The

fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand In - vade the shrine where

through the world with loud applause! Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause! Let ev - ery clime, to
rock on which the storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But armed in vir - tue,

war is gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let In - de-pendence be your boast
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize While off'ring peace sin - cere and just, In

free-dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with stead - y power, He
firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heaven and you, When hope was sinking in dismay, When

Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful for the prize,
heaven we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And

gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The
gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day His stead - y mind from chang - es free, Re -

Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm u - nit - ed let us be Ral - lying round our
ev - ery scheme of bon-dage fail. Firm u - nit - ed let us be Ral - lying round our

hap - pier time of hon - est peace. Firm u - nit - ed let us be Ral - lying round our
solved on death or lib - er - ty. Firm u - nit - ed let us be Ral - lying round our

lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH TO ME IS HOME.

W. A. Wrighton.

:S: *Moderato.*

1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is home, sweet home! The fai - ry land I

:S:

2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home! I've learn'd to look with

Fine.

long to see Is home, sweet home. There, how charm'd the sense of hear - ing, There, where love is

Fine.

lov - er's eyes On home, . . sweet home! There, where vows are tru - ly plighted! There, where hearts are

cres. *dim.* *ritard.* :S:

so en - dear - ing! All the world is not so cheer - ing As home, . sweet home! . . . . The

cres. *dim.* *ritard.* :S:

so u - nit - ed! All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home! . . . . The

MARSEILLES HYMN

FRENCH AIR.

f Maestoso.

1. Ye sons of Free-dom wake to glo - ry, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; Your ch ldren,
2. O lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy glo-rious flame? Can ty-rants'

1. Ye sons of Free-dom wake to glo - ry, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; Your children,
2. O lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy glo-rious flame? Can ty-rants'

wives, and grandsires hoa - ry, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their
bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame, And thus thy no - ble spir - it

wives, and grandsires hoa - ry, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their
bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame, And thus thy no - ble spir - it

cries. Shall law - less ty - rants mis - chief breeding, With hire- ling host, a ruf - fian band Af -
tame? Too long our coun - try wept, be - wail-ing The blood-stain'd sword our conq'rors wield, But

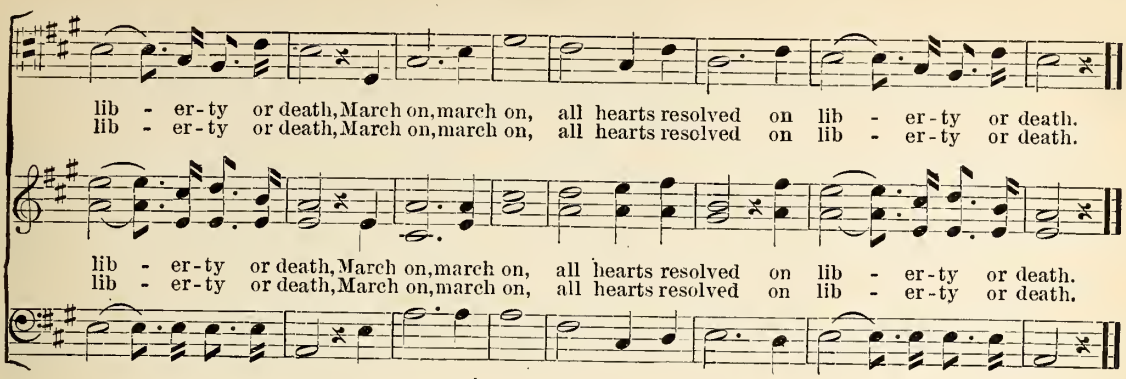
cries. Shall law - less ty - rants mis - chief breeding, With hire- ling host, a ruf - fian band Af -
tame? Too long our coun - try wept, be - wail-ing The blood-stain'd sword our conq'rors wield, But

fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding. To arms, to arms, ye
free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye

fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding. To arms, to arms, ye
free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye

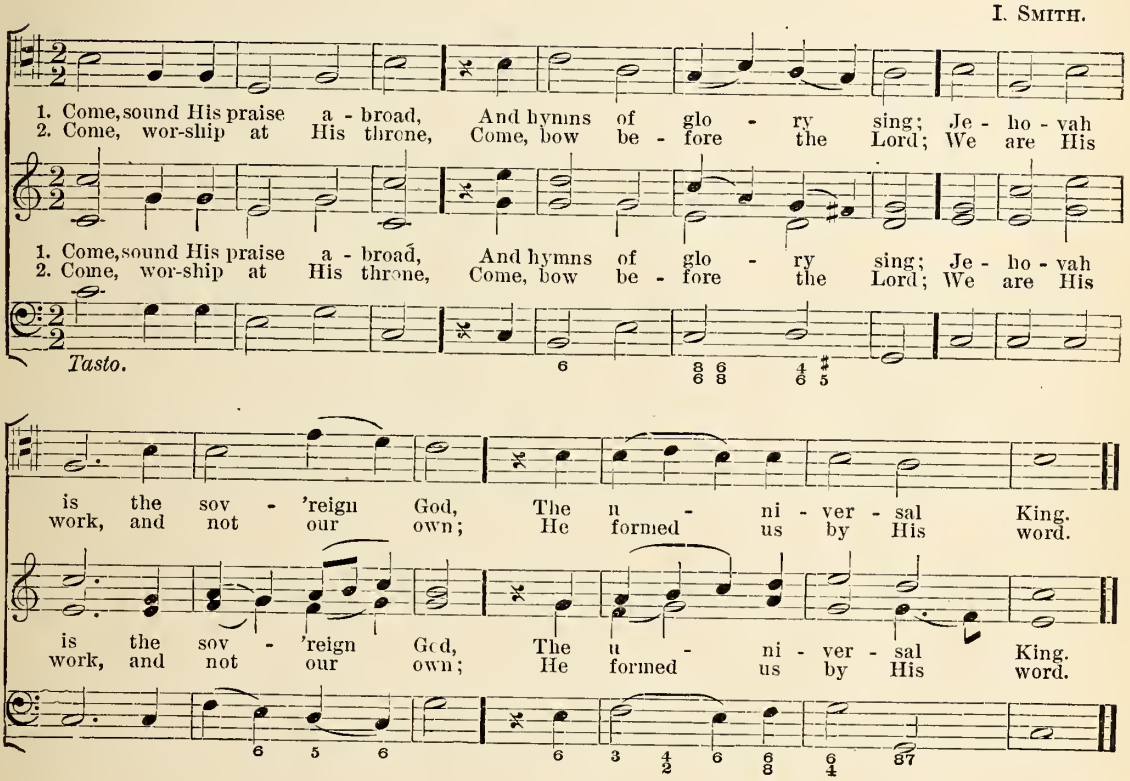
brave, The pa - triot sword unsheath, March on, March on, all hearts re - solved On
brave, The pa - triot sword unsheath, March on, March on, all hearts re - solved On

brave, The pa - triot sword unsheath, March on, March on, all hearts re - solved On
brave, The pa - triot sword unsheath, March on, March on, all hearts re - solved On



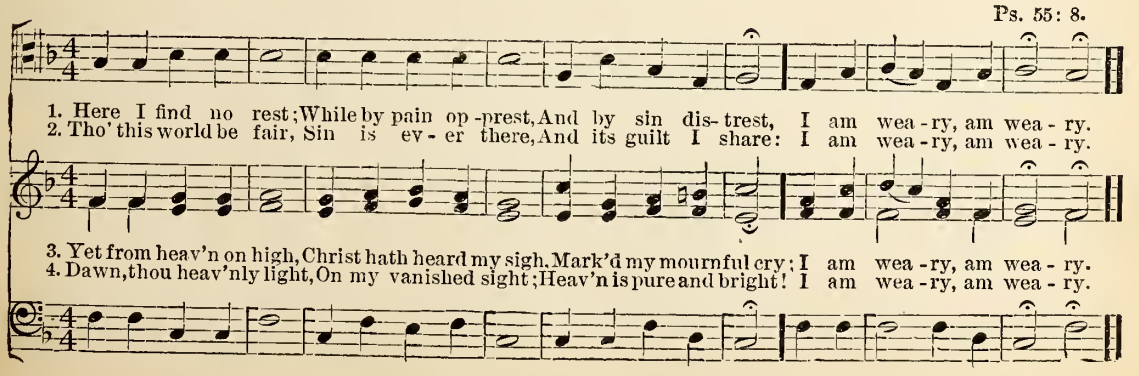
SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. Smith.

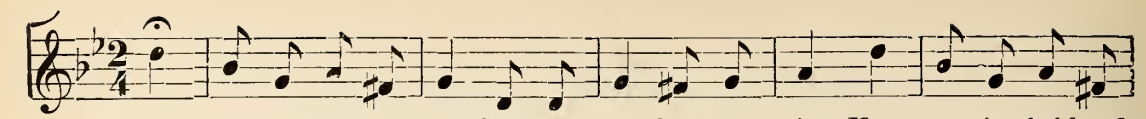


I AM WEARY.

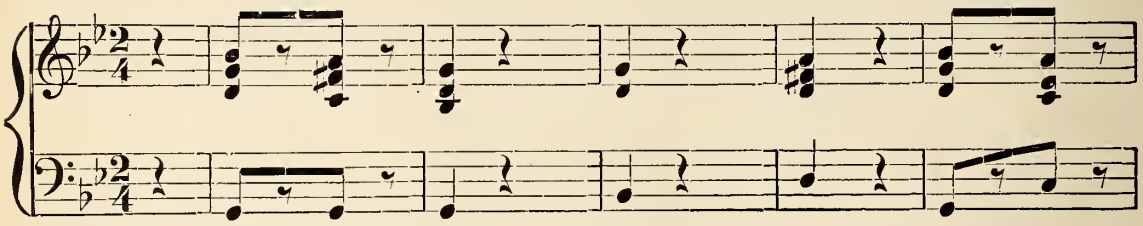
Ps. 55: 8.



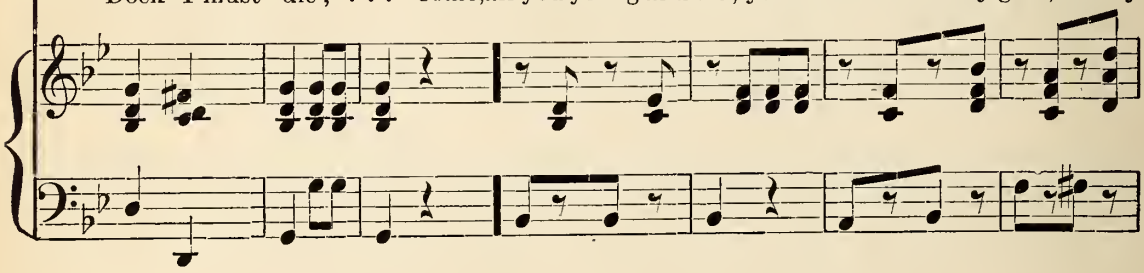
KIDD'S LAMENT.



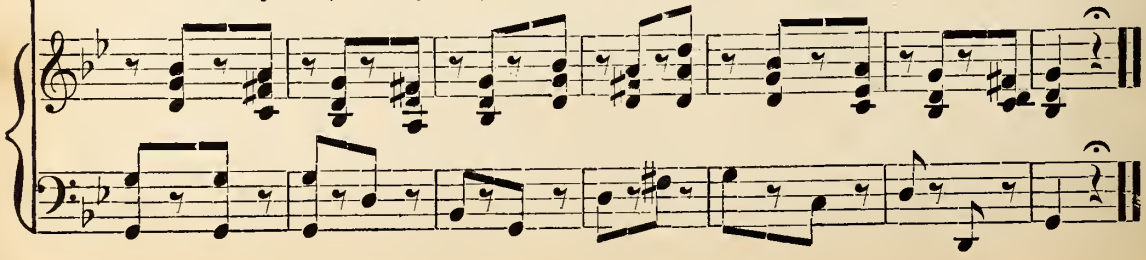
1. You captains bold and brave, hear my cries, hear my cries, You cap-tains bold and
2. My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, My name was Rob-ert
3. My parents taught me well, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, To shun the gates of
4. I'd a Bi - ble in my hand when I sail'd, when I sail'd, But I sunk it in the
5. I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd, And left him in his
6. I took three ships from France, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, Like-wise three more from
7. To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die, and must die, At Ex - e - cu - tion



brave, hear my cries, . . . You captains brave and bold, tho' you seem uncontroll'd, Don't
Kidd, when I sail'd, . . . My name was Robert Kidd, God's laws I did for-bid, And so
hell, when I sail'd, . . . I curs'd my father clear, and her that did me bear, And so
sand, when I sail'd, . . . I made a solemn vow to God I would no bow, Nor my-
gore, as I sail'd, . . . And be - ing cru-el still my gun-ner I did kill, And much
Spain, when I sail'd, . . . But fourteen more by three, they were too much for me, I am
Dock I must die; . . . Come, all you young and old, you're welcome to my gold, For by



for the sake of gold, lose your souls, lose your souls, Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls.
wicked-ly I did, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, And so wickedly I did, when I sail'd.
wickedly did swear, when I sail'd, when I sail d, And so wickedly did swear, when I sail'd.
selfone pray'r allow, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, Nor myself one pray'r allow, when I sail'd.
precious blood did spill, as I sail'd, as I sail'd, And much precious blood did spill, as I sail'd.
conquer'd now, you see, and must die, and must die. Farewell, the raging sea, I must die.
it I've lost my soul, lost my soul, and must die, For by it I've lost my soul, fare you well.



TREBLES.

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp A - long with Cap - tain Good - ing, And
2. And there we see a swamp-ing gun, Large as a log of ma - ple, Up -
3. And ev - ery time they shoot it off, It takes a horn of pow - der, It
4. I went as nigh to one my - self As Si - ah's un - der - pin - ning, And
5. Cous - in Si - mon grew so bold, I thought he would have cocked it, It
6. Cap - tain Da vis had a gun, He kind of clapped his hand on't, And
7. And there I see a pump-kin shell As big as moth - er's ba - sin, And
8. I see a lit - tle bar - rel, too, The heads were made of leath - er; They
9. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton, And gen - tle folks a - bout him; They
10. He got him on his meet-ing clothes, Up - on a slap - ping stall - ion, He
11. I see an - oth - er snarl of men, A dig - ging graves, they told me, So
12. Nor stopped, as I re - mem-ber, It scared me so I scampered off, Nor

there we see the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - ding.
on a deuc - ed lit - tle cart,— A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.
makes a noise like fa - ther's gun, Ex - cept a na - tion loud - er.
fa - ther went as nigh a - gain, I thought the deuce was in him.
scared me so I streaked it off, And hung to fa - ther's pock - et.
stuck a crook - ed stab - bing iron Up - on the lit - tle end on't.
ev - ery time they touched it off, They scam-pered like the na - tion.
knock'd up - on't with lit - tle clubs, And called the folks to - geth - er.
say he's grown so tar - nal proud, He will not ride with - out 'em.
set the world a - long in rows, In hun - dreds and in mil - lions.
tar - nal long, so tar - nal deep, They 'tend - ed they should hold me.
turn'd a - bout till I got home, Locked up in moth - er's cham - ber.

CHORUS.

TENOR.

Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy, Be -

SOPRANO.

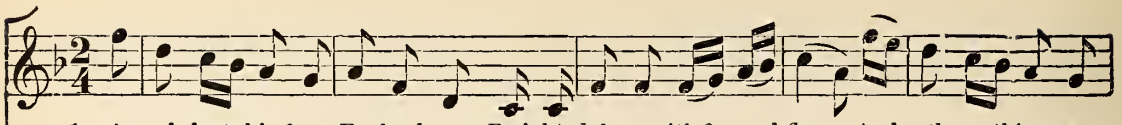
ALTO.

BASS. Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy, Be -

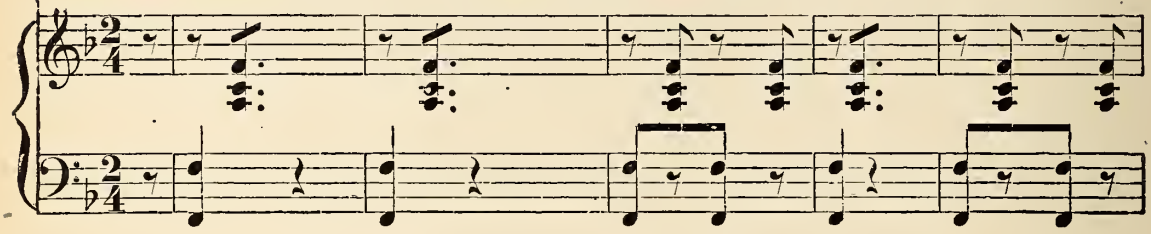
neath the fig tree and the vine, Sing Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy.

neath the fig tree and the vine, Sing Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy.

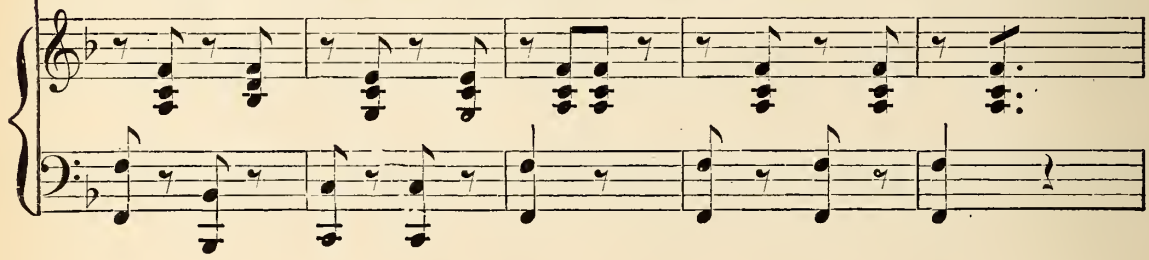
THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON



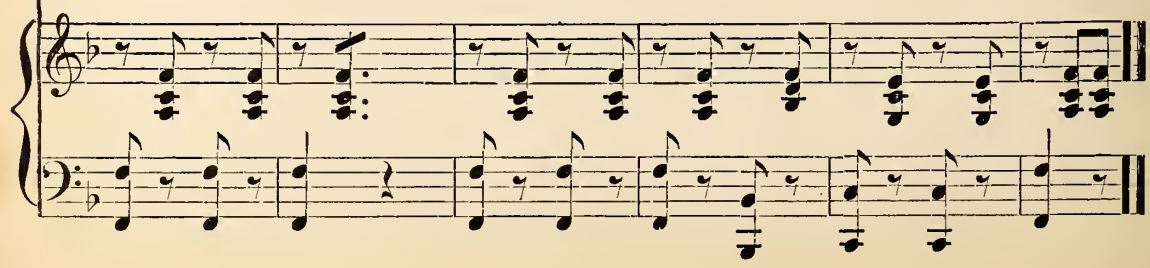
1. A gal - lant ship from England came, Freighted deep with fire and flame, And oth - er things we
2. A Yankee then popped up his head, Par-son Jones a ser - mon read, To which our Rev'rend
3. The Ramilies first be-gan th' at-tack, Nimrod made a migh - ty crack, And none can tell what
4. Their old ra - zee, with red-hot ball, Made a farmer's bar - rack fall, And did a cow-house
5. To have a turn we tho't but fair, So we brought two guns to bear, And, sir, it would have
6. The Ramilies gave up the af - fray, With her comrades sneaked a-way, Such was the val - or

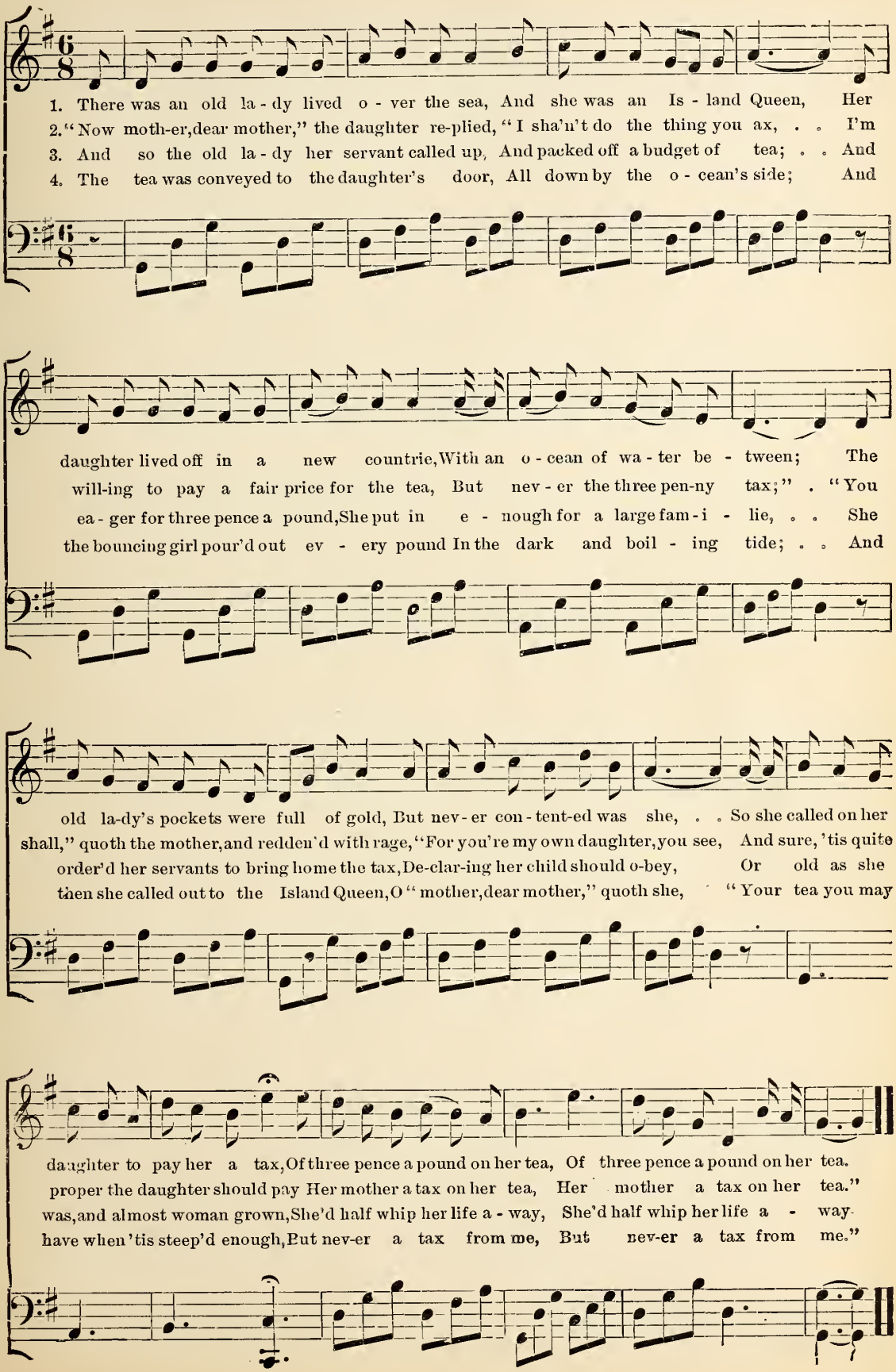


need not name, To have a dash at Stonington; Now safe ar - riv'd they work be - gun, They
Doc - tor said, That they must fight for Stonington; Their ships ad - vanc - ing sev - 'ral ways, The
kept them back From setting fire to Stonington; Their bombs were thrown, and rock-ets flew, And
sad - ly maul; That stood a mile from Stonington; We Yan - kees to our fort re-pair'd, And
made you stare, To see the smoke at Stonington; We bored the Nim - rod thro' and thro', And
on that day, Of Brit-ish tars at Stonington; Now some as - sert on sar-tain grounds, Be -

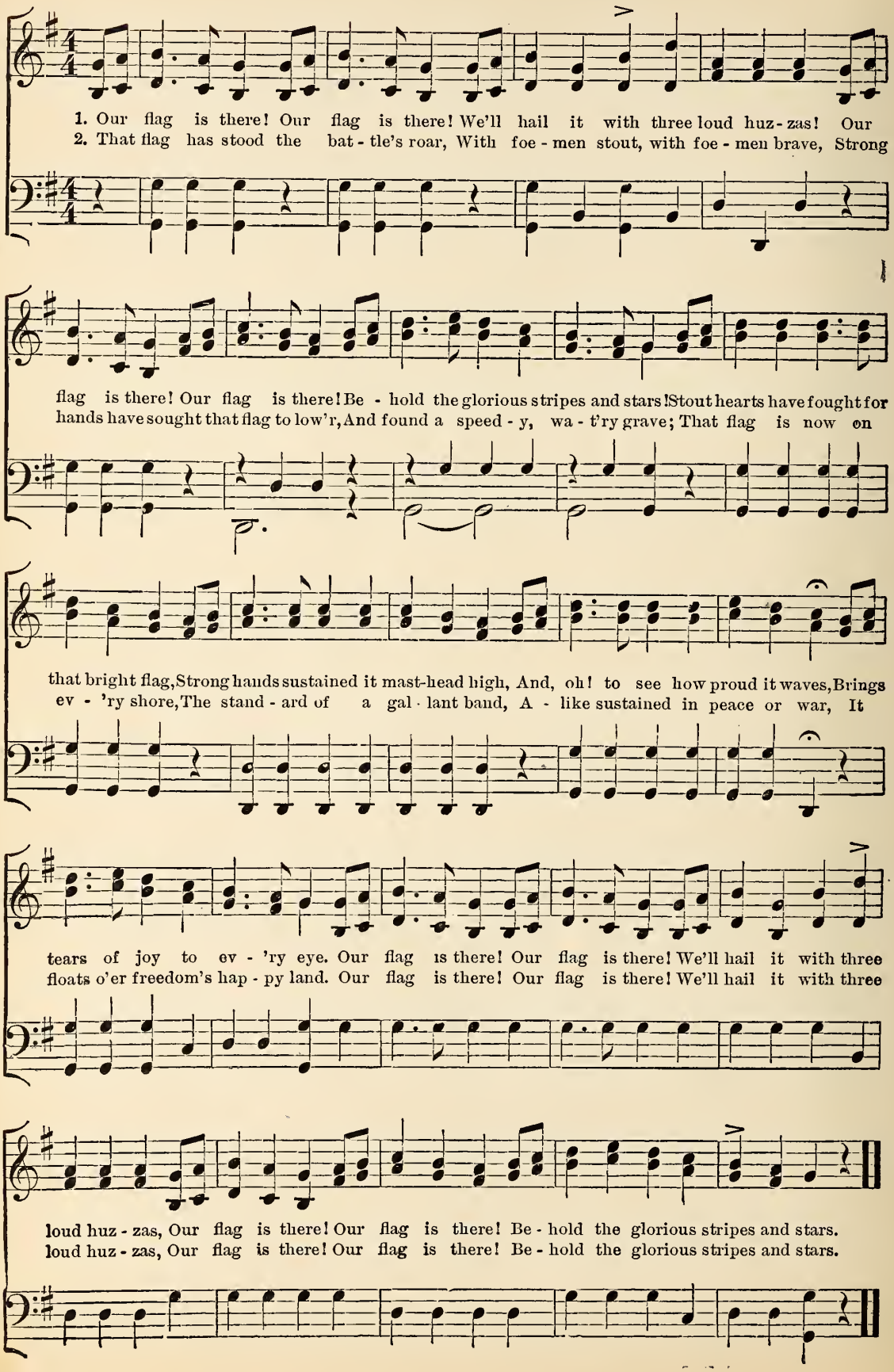


tho't to make the Yankees run, And have a migh-ty deal of fun, In stealing sheep at Stonington.
Britons soon be - gan to blaze, Which put old Williams in a-maze, Who fear'd the boys of Stonington.
not a man of all their crew, Tho' ev-'ry man stood full in view, Could kill a man of Stonington.
made as how we lit - tle cared A - bout their shot, tho' ver-y hard They blazed away at Stonington.
killed and mangled half her crew, When riddled, crippled, she withdrew, And cuss'd the boys of Stonington.
side their damage and their wounds, It cost the king ten thousand pounds, To have a dash at Stonington.




1. There was an old la - dy lived o - ver the sea, And she was an Is - land Queen, Her
2. "Now moth-er, dear mother," the daughter re-plied, "I sha'n't do the thing you ax, . . I'm
3. And so the old la - dy her servant called up, And packed off a budget of tea; . . And
4. The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door, All down by the o - cean's side; And
daughter lived off in a new countrie, With an o - cean of wa - ter be - tween; The
will-ing to pay a fair price for the tea, But nev - er the three pen-ny tax;" . "You
ea - ger for three pence a pound, She put in e - nough for a large fam - i - lie, . . She
the bouncing girl pour'd out ev - ery pound In the dark and boil - ing tide; . . And
old la-dy's pockets were full of gold, But nev - er con - tent-ed was she, . . So she called on her
shall," quoth the mother, and redden'd with rage, "For you're my own daughter, you see, And sure, 'tis quite
order'd her servants to bring home the tax, De-clar-ing her child should o-bey, Or old as she
then she called out to the Island Queen, O "mother, dear mother," quoth she, "Your tea you may
daughter to pay her a tax, Of three pence a pound on her tea, Of three pence a pound on her tea.
proper the daughter should pay Her mother a tax on her tea, Her mother a tax on her tea."
was, and almost woman grown, She'd half whip her life a - way, She'd half whip her life a - way.
have when 'tis steep'd enough, But nev-er a tax from me, But nev-er a tax from me."

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

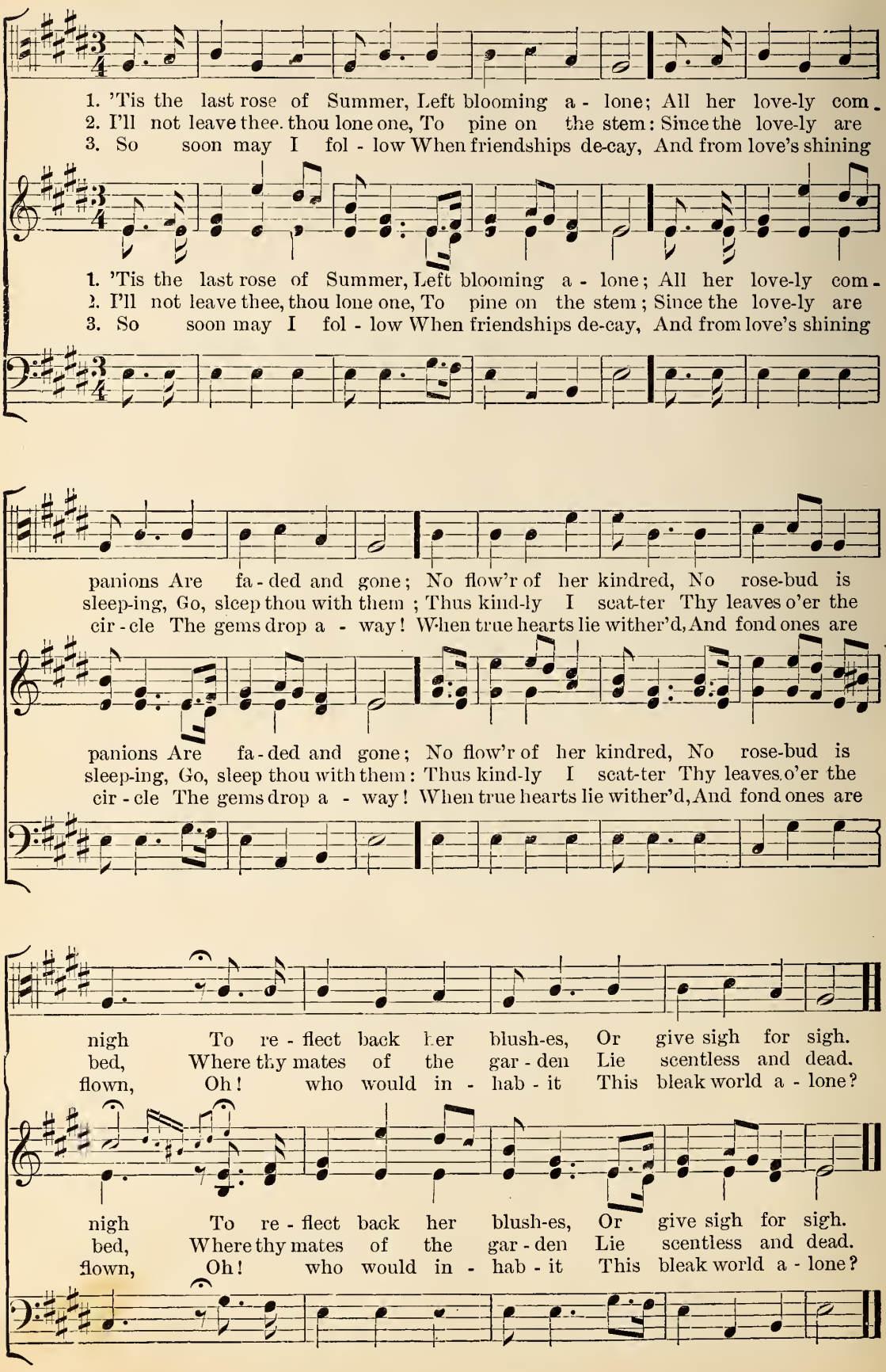


1. 'Twas with-in a mile of Ed-in - bo-ro' town, In the ro - sy time of the year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shep - herd woo'd his dear; Bon - ny Jock - y blithe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jen - ny mak - in' hay, The las - sie blush'd and frown - ing cry'd No, no, it will not do, ... I can-not, can-not, won-not, won-not, mun-not buck-le too.

2. Jock - y was a wag that never would wed, Tho' long he had fol - low'd the lass, Con - tented she earn'd and ate her own bread, And mer-ri - ly turn'd up the grass. Bon - ny Jock - y blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly, Yet still she blush'd and frown - ing cry'd No, no, it will not do, ... I can-not, can-not, won-not, won-not, mun-not buck-le too.

3. But when he vow'd he would make her his bride, Tho' his flocks and herds were not few, She gave him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vow'd she'd for - ev - er be true. Bon - ny Jock - y blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At church she no more frown - ing cry'd No, no, it will not do, ... I can-not, can-not, won-not, won-not. mun-not buck-le too.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

BETHANY.

TENOR.

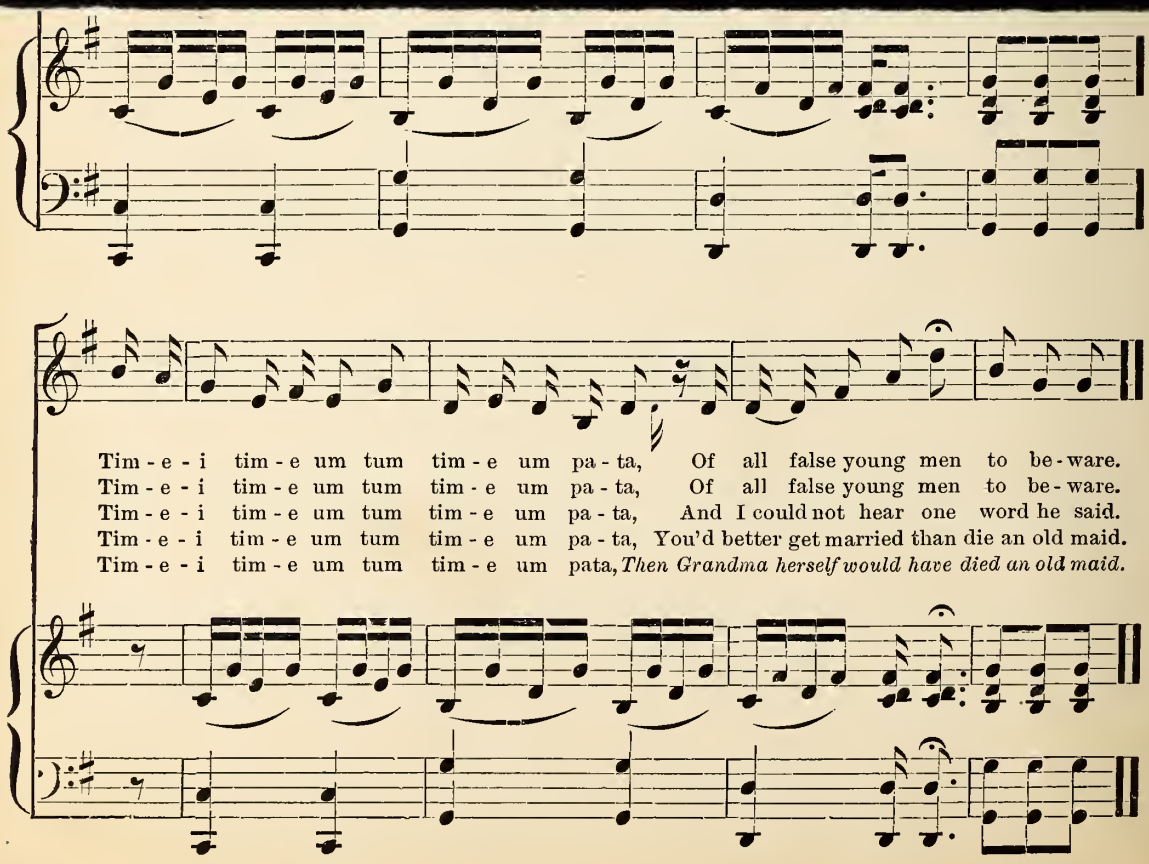
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee: E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me,
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,

3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n,
4. Or, if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

Copyright, 1859, by MASON BROTHERS. Copyright, 1887, by MRS. L. MASON.


Tim - e - i tim - e um tum tim - e um pa - ta, Of all false young men to be - ware.
Tim - e - i tim - e um tum tim - e um pa - ta, Of all false young men to be - ware.
Tim - e - i tim - e um tum tim - e um pa - ta, And I could not hear one word he said.
Tim - e - i tim - e um tum tim - e um pa - ta, You'd better get married than die an old maid.
Tim - e - i tim - e um tum tim - e um pata, Then Grandma herself would have died an old maid.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

DENMARK.

Maestoso. M. MADAN.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate — and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate — and He de - stroy.

mp Andante.

2. His sov-'reign power, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men, And

mp TENOR. *ad lib.*

His sov-'reign power, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when like wan-d'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain, He

(3 pp.)

f Con spirito.

brought us to His fold a - gain. We'll crowd Thy gates, with thank - ful songs,

brought us to His fold a - gain. We'll crowd Thy gates, with thank - ful songs,

brought us to His fold a - gain. We'll crowd Thy gates, with thank - ful songs,

brought us to His fold a - gain. We'll crowd Thy gates, with thank - ful songs,

ff *m*

High as the heaven, our voic - es raise; And earth, and earth, with her . . ten

ff

High as the heavens, our voic - es raise; And earth, and earth, with her . . ten

ff *m*

High as the heavens, our voic - es raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten

High as the heaven, our voic - es raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten

f

thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall

thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall

f

thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall

thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall

fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.

fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.

fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.

fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise

f UNISON. *p*

5. Wide — wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e -

5. Wide — wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e -

f UNISON. *f*

5. Wide — wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e -

5. Wide — wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e

f

ter - ni - ty, Thy love; Firm, as a rock, Thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall

ter - ni - ty, Thy love; Firm, as a rock, Thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall

f

ter - ni - ty, Thy love; Firm, as a rock, Thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall

ter - ni - ty Thy love; Firm, as a rock, Thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall

p *m* *f*

cease to move — shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When

cease to move — shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When

p *m* *f*

cease to move — shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When

cease to move — shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When

roll - - ing years shall cease to move — shall cease to move.

roll - - ing years shall cease to move — shall cease to move.

roll - - ing years shall cease to move — shall cease . to move.

roll - ing years shall cease to move — shall cease to move.

DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

COMIC DUET.

JOHN PARRY.

Allegretto Moderato.

PIANO. HORNS. CLAR'T. FLUTE.

SIMON.

1. Dost thou love, me Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!
2. Wilt thou prom-ise to be mine, Maid - en fair?
3. Love like ours can nev - er cloy, Humph! humph! humph!

RUTH.

As I fain would speak the truth,
Take my hand, my heart is thine,
While no jeal - ous fears an - noy,

Yea! yea! yea!
There, there, there.
Humph! humph! humph!

SIMON.

Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee,
SALUTES HER. Let us thus the bar-gain seal,
O! how blest we both should be,

Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth;
O! dear me, high - ho!
Hey down, ho down hey!

cres.

RUTH.

Rising alternately on their tip-toes.

That has been the case with me, Dear en - ga - ging youth!
Lauk! how ver - y odd I feel! O! dear me, high - ho!
I could al-most dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!

Allegro.

p *p* *p*

p *ritard.* *f*

During the first part of the Allegro, Simon and Ruth put themselves in ridiculous attitudes, as if anxious to dance, but not moving from the spot. They look languishingly at each other, during four bars of the second part. Then walk primly off, on opposite sides.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

FOSTER.

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py days I squander'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love, Still si-lly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a-hum-ming, All 'round the comb? When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

Copyright, 1851, by FIRTH, POND & CO. Copyright, 1879, by MRS. S. C. FOSTER and MRS. MARION FOSTER WELCH.

CHORUS.
SOPRANO & ALTO.

All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry where I roam,

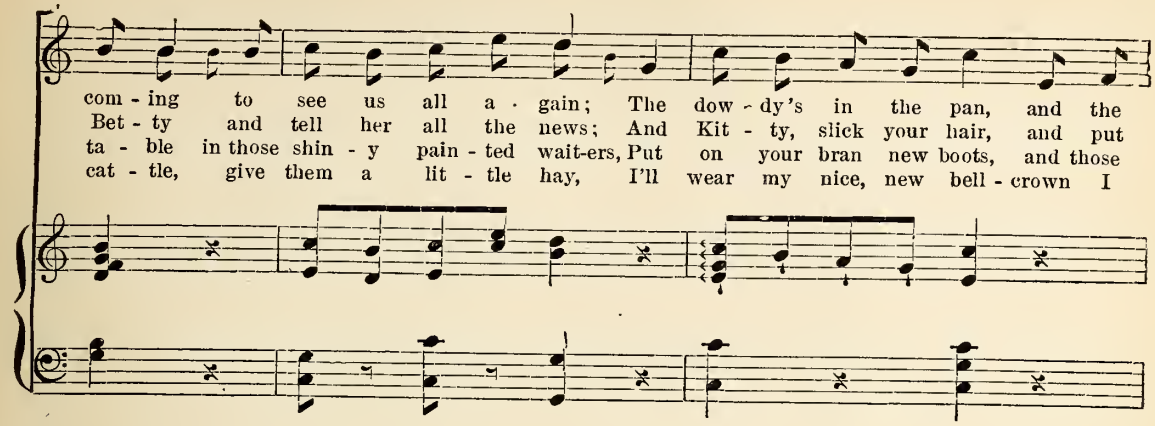
TENOR & BASS.

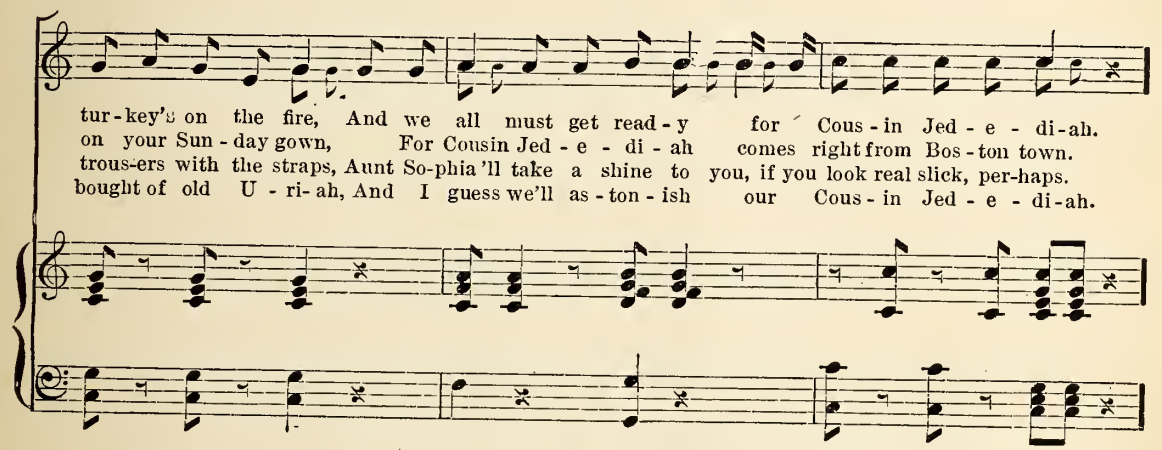
Oh, dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

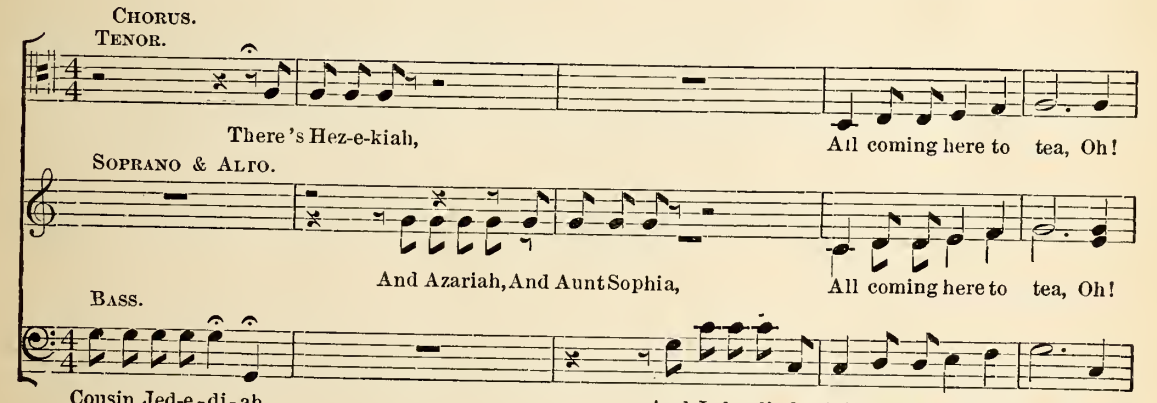
COUSIN JEDEDIAH.

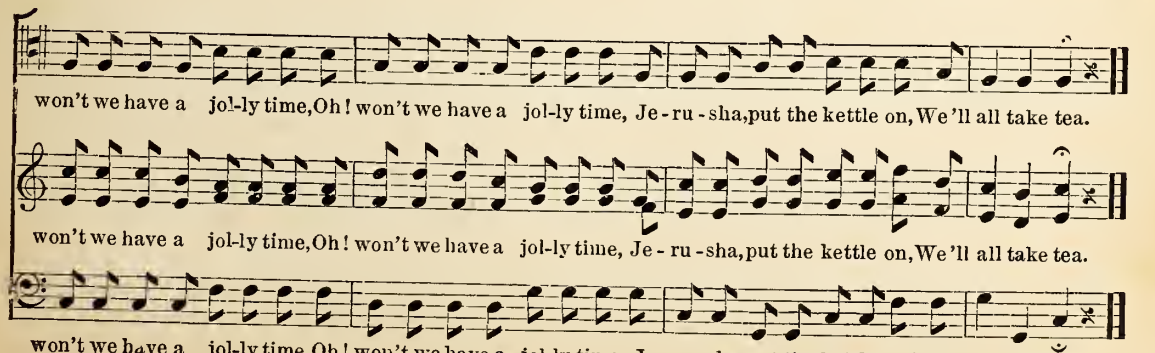
H. S. THOMPSON.

1. O Ja - cob, get the cows home and put them in the pen, For the cous - ins are a -
2. Now O - bed, wash your face, boy, and tal - low up your shoes, While I go to see Aunt
3. And Job you peal the on - ions, and wash and fix the ta - ters, We'll have them on the
4. Tell Josh to put the colt in the dou - ble seat - ed chaise, Let him just card down the


com - ing to see us all a - gain; The dow - dy's in the pan, and the
Bet - ty and tell her all the news; And Kit - ty, slick your hair, and put
ta - ble in those shin - y pain - ted wait-ers, Put on your bran new boots, and those
cat - tle, give them a lit - tle hay, I'll wear my nice, new bell - crown I


tur-key's on the fire, And we all must get read - y for Cous - in Jed - e - di-ah.
on your Sun - day gown, For Cousin Jed - e - di - ah comes right from Bos - ton town.
trous-ers with the straps, Aunt So-phia 'll take a shine to you, if you look real slick, per-haps.
bought of old U - ri- ah, And I guess we'll as - ton - ish our Cous - in Jed - e - di-ah.


Chorus.
Tenor.
There 's Hez-e-kiah, All coming here to tea, Oh!
Soprano & Alto.
And Azariah, And Aunt Sophia, All coming here to tea, Oh!
Bass.
Cousin Jed-e-di-ah, And Jed-e-di-ah, All coming here to tea, Oh!


won't we have a jol-ly time, Oh! won't we have a jol-ly time, Je-ru-sha, put the kettle on, We'll all take tea.
won't we have a jol-ly time, Oh! won't we have a jol-ly time, Je-ru-sha, put the kettle on, We'll all take tea.
won't we have a jol-ly time, Oh! won't we have a jol-ly time, Je-ru-sha, put the kettle on, We'll all take tea.

WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING.

This piece must be sung in the costume of a very old man, bent with age and infirmity, and using a cane.

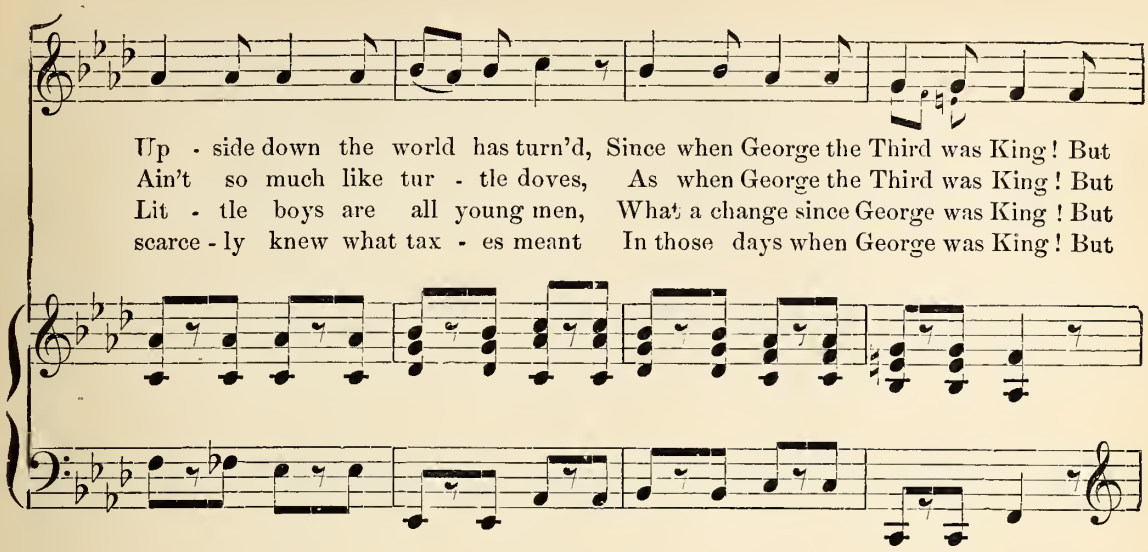
Andante.

1. Times in - deed do great - ly change, In a lapse of three-score years;
2. Wives are now so ver - y *dear*, Husbands are be - com - ing rare;
3. Fain we'd watch with joy se - rene, Spor - tive childhood's gay de - light;
4. La - dies' dress in this fast age So - ber rea - son quite ap - palls;

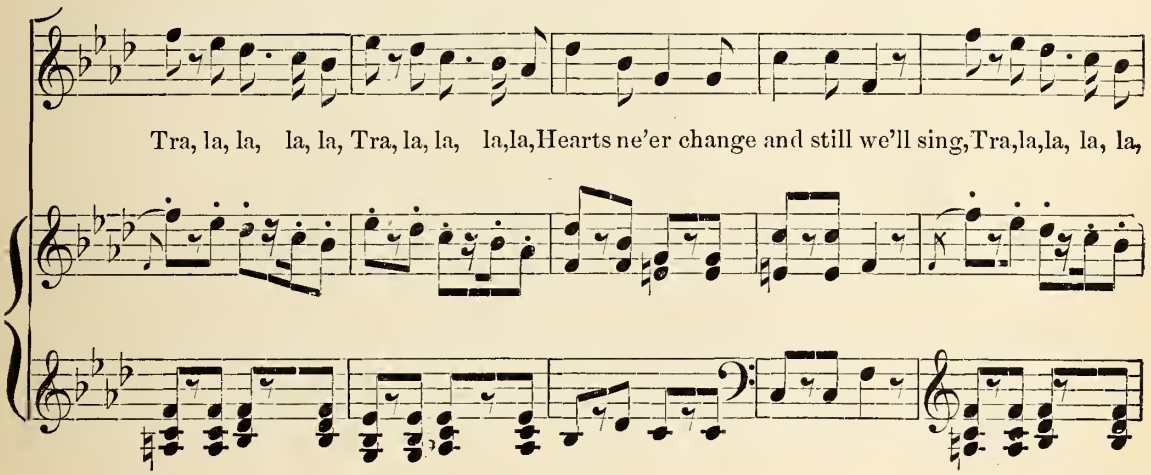
p

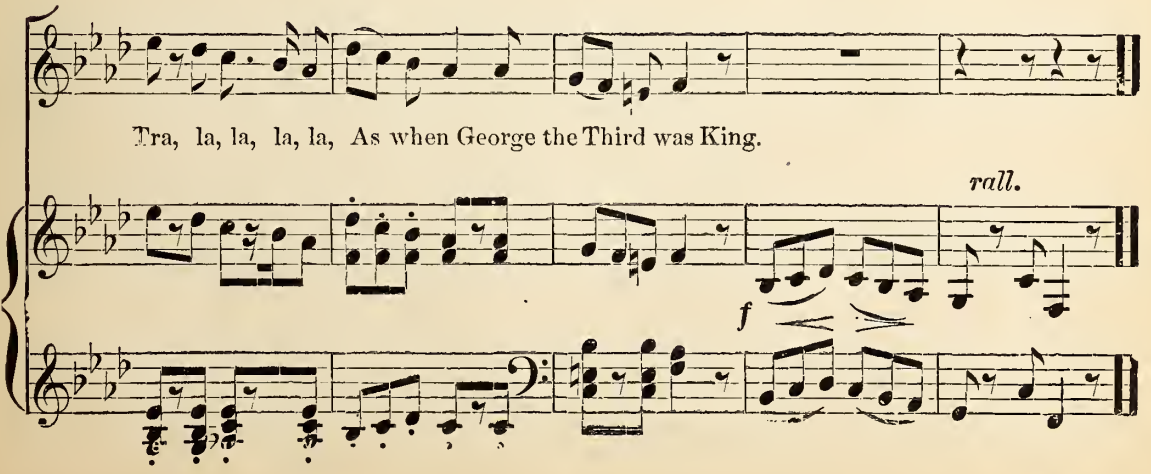
Ev - 'ry thing seems new and strange, E'en the lan - guage that one hears;
Twice a thou - sand pounds a year Will scarce suf - fice a mar - ried pair!
No - where can a child be seen, They've gone out of fash - ion, quite!
Maid and mis - tress both a - like; Sport their hoops and wa - ter - falls.

Dress, and cos - tumes late - ly learn'd, Sheer dis - may to all must bring —
E - ven then con - nu - bial loves, Judg - ing what *Di-vorce courts* bring,
Girls are wo - men now at ten! Airs and grac - es, ev - 'ry - thing!
Tax - es, too, were once so rare, Now we feel their dai - ly sting — We



With gaiety, and trying to dance, in which effort in last verse he is caught with a stitch in the side.





HOME, SWEET HOME.

Andante.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's

2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd

cres. *cres.*

no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal- low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er

cot - tage a - gain, The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my call; Oh, give me that peace of mind

cres.

met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.

dear - er than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.

SONG OF THE OLD FOLKS.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind; Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We've pass'd thro' man - y va - ried scenes, Since youth's uncloud - ed day; And friends, and hopes, and

3. Yet ev - er has the light of song Il - lumed our dark - est hours; And cheer'd us on life's.
4. Here we have met, here we may part, To meet on earth no more: And we may nev - er

5. But when we've cross'd the sea of life, And reach'd the heav'n-ly shore, We'll sing the songs our

be for-got, And songs of auld lang syne. For auld lang syne we meet to-night, For
hap-py dreams, Time's hand hath swept a-way. And voic-es that once joined with ours, In

toil-some way, And gemm'd our path with flow'rs: The sa-cred songs our fa-thers sang, Dear
sing a-gain The cher-ished songs of yore: The sa-cred songs our fa-thers sang. In

fa-thers sing, Tran-scend-ing those of yore: We'll meet to sing di-vin-er strains Than

auld lang syne; To sing the songs our fa-thers sang In days of auld lang syne.
days of auld lang syne, Are si-lent now, and blend no more In songs of auld lang syne.

songs of auld lang syne; The hal-lowed songs our fa-thers sang In days of auld lang syne.
days of auld lang syne; We may not meet to sing a-gain The songs of auld lang syne.

those of auld lang syne; Im-mor-tal songs of praise. unknown In days of auld lang syne.

HOME AGAIN.

Words and Music by M. S. Pike.

Note.—This can be used as a duet by singing the second staff.

1. Home a-gain, Home a-gain, from a for-eign shore, And oh! it fills my soul with

2. Hap-py hearts, Hap-py hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee; But oh! the friends I loved in

3. Mu-sic sweet, Mu-sic soft, Lin-gers round the place, And oh! I feel the child-hood-

Fine.

joy, To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the part-ing tear, To

youth, Seem hap-pi-er to me; And if my guide should be the fate Which

charm, That time can-not ef-face. Then give me but my home-stead roof, I'll

D.C.

cross the o-cean's foam, But now I'm once a-gain with those, Who kind-ly greet me home;

bids me lon-ger roam; But death a-lone can break the tie; That binds my heart to home:

ask no pal-ace dome; For I can live a hap-py life, With those I love at home;

Copyright, 1851, by A. & J. P. Ordway. Copyright, 187[illegible], by J. P. Ordway.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

SWAN.

Andante.

The morn-ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to . . . the west,

The morn-ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to . . . the west,

The morn-ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to . . the west,

The morn-ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to . . . the west,

All na - tions with his beams are blest, Wher - e'er . . his ra - diant light ap - pears.

All na - tions with his beams are blest, Wher - e'er . . his ra - diant light ap - pears.

All na - tions with his beams are blest, Wher - e'er his ra - diant light ap - pears.

All na - tions with his beams are blest, Wher - e'er . . his ra - diant light ap - pears.

So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands that long in dark - ness lay;

So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands that long in dark - ness lay;

So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands that long in dark - ness lay;

So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands that long in dark - ness lay;

She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets . . her sons a - mong the stars.

She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets . . her sons a - mong the stars.

She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.

She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets . . her sons a - mong the stars

(2 pp.)

Lively.

Fair free-dom, her at - tend-ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates,

Fair free-dom, her at - tend-ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates,

Fair free-dom, her at - tend-ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates,

Fair free-dom, her at - tend-ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates,

To crown the young and ris - ing States With lau - rels of im - mor - tal day.

To crown the young and ris - ing States With lau - rels of im - mor - tal day.

To crown the young and ris - ing States With lau - rels of im - mor - tal day.

To crown the young and ris - ing States With lau - rels of im - mor - tal day.

The Brit - ish yoke, the Gal - lic chain, Was urg'd up - on her sons in vain;

The Brit - ish yoke, the Gal - lic chain, Was urg'd up - on her sons in vain;

The Brit - ish yoke, the Gal - lic chain, Was urg'd up - on her sons in vain;

The Brit - ish yoke, the Gal - lic chain, Was urg'd up - on her sons in vain;

1 2 *Repeat loud.*

All haugh-ty ty - rants we dis-dain, And shout long live A - mer - i - ca. mer - i - ca. . .

All haugh-ty ty - rants we dis-dain, And shout long live A - mer - i - ca. mer - i - ca. . .

All haugh-ty ty - rants we dis-dain, And shout long live A - mer - i - ca. mer - i - ca. . .

All haugh-ty ty - rants we dis-dain, And shout long live A - mer - i - ca. mer - i - ca. . .

THE YANKEE SLEIGH-RIDE.

"And when all the lads and lassies were gathered together they went with one accord to Mrs. Deacon Tompkins' Apple Bee."

With sleigh-bell accomp. J. H. T.

1. Come, Mi-ra-bel-la Hopkins, hie a - way, For Jon-a-than is wait-ing in a sleigh! And
2. To Mrs. Deacon Tompkins' ap - ple bee The pret-ty lassies, si - mul - ta-neous-ly, With
3. And when the strings are swinging overhead, We'll all a mer-ry meas-ure light-ly tread, Till

Ma-ry Phœ-be Ann and Su - san Jane, And An - na Bel-la Jones and Jotham Lane Will
all the mer-ry lads of Cran-berry town, Will hurry if the pungs should not break down, And
hun-ger, like a li - on, bars the way. The hap-py call to sup - per we o - bey; O

join us with a sing - ing, While ting-a - ling - a-ling - ling go the bells, And
cut the fruit in sli - ces, While ap - ple par-ings deft - ly fly a - round, 'Tis
luscious pie of pump-kin! O hon-ey, cake, and doughnuts crisp and brown! The

(8 pp.)

Copyright. Used by permission.

time is swift - ly wing - ing, As mer - ri - ly the mu - sic swells.
one of love's de - vi - ces, To see if the true name is found.
pie the black - birds jumped in, Not half so full it was of fun.

The mer-ry, mer-ry bells, the merry, merry bells, O mer-ri-ly they ring, the sweet sleigh-bells, O

Then ting-a-ling-a-ling bells, clang-a-lang-a-ling, O mer-ri-ly they ring, the sweet sleigh-bells, O

Then ting-a -ling-a-ling bells, clang-a-lang-a-ling, O mer-ri-ly they ring, the sweet sleigh-bells, O

ting - a -ling - a-ling-ling, clang - a-lang - a-ling - ling, clang-a - lang-a-ling - ling go the bells!

ting - a -ling - a-ling-ling, clang-a-lang - a - ling- ling, clang-a - lang-a - ling-ling go the bells!

ting - a-ling - a - ling-ling, clang-a-lang - a - ling-ling, clang-a - lang-a - ling-ling go the bells!

JEHOVAH'S PRAISE.

ANTHEM.

E. L. WHITE

Maestoso.

f

Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im - mor-tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, resound, ye

Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im - mor-tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, resound, ye

f

Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im - mor-tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, resound, ye

Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im - mor-tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, resound, ye

heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss - ful plains. Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im-

heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss - ful plains. Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im-

heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss - ful plains. Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im-

heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss-ful plains. Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise in high im-

mor - tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, re-sound, ye heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss - ful plains.

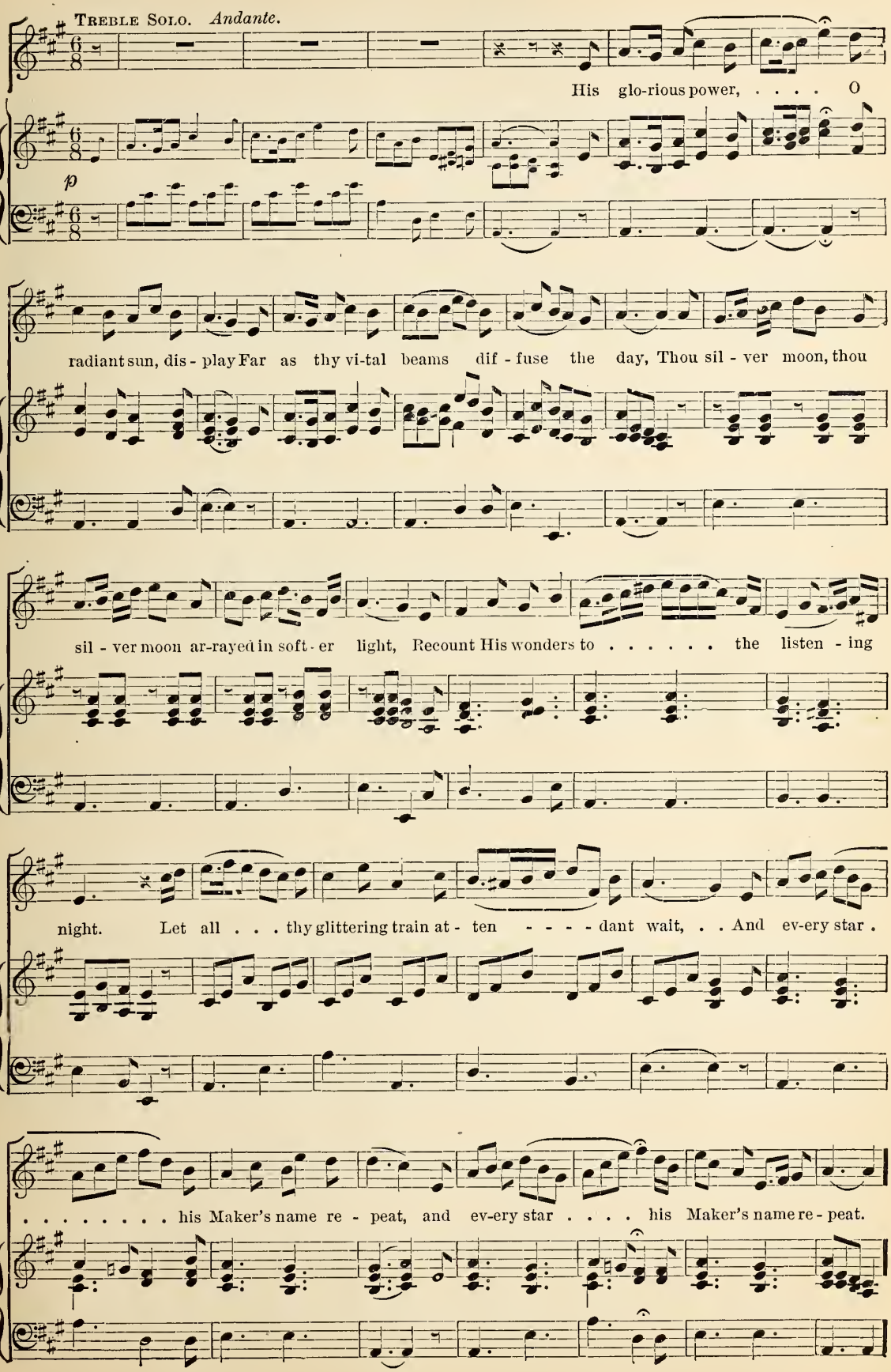
mor - tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, re-sound, ye heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss - ful plains.

mor - tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, re-sound, ye heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss - ful plains.

mor - tal strains, Resound, ye heavens, re-sound, ye heavens, thro' all your bliss-ful, bliss - ful plains.

(8 pp.)

Copyright, 1874, by Mrs. EDWARD L. WHITE.


TREBLE SOLO. Andante.
His glo-rious power, ... O
p
radiant sun, dis - play Far as thy vi-tal beams dif - fuse the day, Thou sil - ver moon, thou
sil - ver moon ar-rayed in soft - er light, Recount His wonders to . . . . . the listen - ing
night. Let all . . . thy glittering train at - ten - - - - dant wait, . . And ev-ery star .
. . . . . his Maker's name re - peat, and ev-ery star . . . . his Maker's name re - peat.

Allegro. *f*

His glorious power, His glorious power, . O

f

His glorious power, His glorious power, . . O

SYM. *f*

His glorious power, His glorious power, . . O

UNISON. THIRDS.

His glorious power, his glorious power, . . O

ra-diant sun, dis - play, Far as thy vi - tal beams . . . dif - fuse the

ra-diant sun, dis - play, Far as thy vi - tal beams, far as thy vi-tal beams dif - fuse the

ra-diant sun, dis - play, Far as thy vi - tal beams, far as thy vi - tal beams dif - fuse the

radiant sun, dis - play, Far as thy vi - tal beams . . dif-fuse the

p

day, Thou sil-ver moon, Thou sil-ver moon, ar - rayed in softer light, Re-count His

p

day, Thou sil-ver moon, Thou sil-ver moon, Thou sil-ver moon, arrayed in softer light, Re-count His

p *f*

day, Thou sil-ver moon, Thou sil-ver moon, Thou sil-ver moon, ar - rayed in soft-er light, Re-count His

p *f*

day, Thou sil-ver moon, Thou sil-ver moon, ar - rayed in softer light, Re-count His

mf

wonders, re - count His wonders, re - count His wonders to the listening night. Let

wonders, re - count His wonders, re - count His wonders to the listening night.

Legato. *p*

wonders, re - count His wonders, re - count His wonders to the listening night.

p

wonders re - count His wonders, re - count His wonders to the listening night.

all thy glittering train at - tend - ant wait, Let all thy glittering train at -

mf

Let all thy glitter'ng train at - tend - ant wait, at -

mf

Let all thy glittering train at - tend - ant wait, Let all thy glittering train at-

mf

Let all thy glittering train at - tend - -

tendant wait, And every star his Maker's name repeat, And every star . . his Maker's name re - peat.

tendant wait, And every star his Maker's name repeat, And every star his Maker's name re - peat.

f

tendant wait, And every star his Maker's name repeat, And every star . . his Maker's name re - peat.

ant wait, And every star his Maker's name repeat, And every star his Maker's name re - peat.

DUET. *Allegretto.*

1ST SOPRANO.

Ye glo - rious an - gels, tune the rap-tured lay, Through the fair mansions of e -

2ND SOPRANO.

Ye glo - rious an - gels, tune the rap-tured lay, Through the fair mansions of e -

ter - nal day, His praise, ...

ter - nal day, His praise, ...

. . let all . . . . . the shin - ing ranks pro-claim, And teach the dis - tant

. . let all . . . . . the shin - ing ranks pro-claim,

worlds, and teach the dis - tant worlds, And teach the dis-tant worlds your Ma - ker's name.

and teach the dis - tant worlds, And teach the dis-tant worlds your Ma - ker's name.

CHORUS. *Allegro molto.*

ff Bright with the splen - dor of His dazzling rays, Ex - alt - ed realms of joy, of joy, Ex-

ff Bright with the splen - dor of His dazzling rays, Ex - alt - ed realms of joy, of joy, Ex-

ff Bright with the splen - dor of His dazzling rays, ... Ex-

ff Bright with the splen - dor of His dazzling rays, ... Ex-

UNISON.

alt - ed realms of joy, Ex-alt - ed realms of joy, ... Ex -

alt - ed realms of joy, Ex-alt - ed realms of joy, ... Ex -

alt-ed realms of joy, Ex-alt - ed realms of joy, Ex - alt - ed realms of joy, of joy, Ex -

alt-ed realms of joy, Ex-alt - ed realms of joy, Ex - alt - ed realms of joy, of joy, Ex -

alt - ed realms of joy re - flect His praise, re - flect His praise, re - flect His praise.

alt - ed realms of joy re - flect His praise, re - flect His praise re - flect His praise.

alt - ed realms of joy, ... re - flect His praise, re - flect His praise.

alt - ed realms of joy, ... re - flect His praise, re - flect His praise.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE PILGRIMS.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

f Allegretto.

1. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of noble birth are proud; Lo! the glorious cause of temp'rance For ex-

f

1. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of noble birth are proud; Lo! the glorious cause of temp'rance For ex-

f

1. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of noble birth are proud; Lo! the glorious cause of temp'rance For ex-

f

1. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of noble birth are proud; Lo! the glorious cause of temp'rance For ex-

p UNISON. *p* *cres.* *f* *p*

ertion calls aloud; While the monster Still within the land is found, While the monster Still within the

p *p* *cres.* *f* *p*

ertion calls aloud; While the monster Still within the land is found, While the monster Still within the

p *p* *cres.* *f* *p*

ertion calls aloud; While the monster Still within the land is found, While the monster Still within the

p *p* *cres.* *f* *p*

ertion calls a-loud; While the monster Still within the land is found, While the monster Still within the

cres. *f* *f*

land is found, Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of no - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

cres. *f* *f*

land is found, Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of

cres. *f* *f*

land is found, Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of

cres. *f* *f*

land is found, Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of

ble birth are proud; Lo! the cause, the cause, the cause of temp'rance calls aloud, the cause, the cause, the cause of

noble birth are proud; Lo! the cause, the cause, the cause of temp'rance calls aloud, the cause, the cause, the cause of

noble birth are proud; Lo! the cause, the cause, the cause of temp'rance calls aloud, the cause, the cause, the cause of

noble birth are proud; Lo! the cause, the cause, the cause of temp'rance calls aloud, the cause, the cause, the cause of

(3pp.)

UNISON.

m Larghetto. *p*

temp'rance calls aloud, calls aloud, calls aloud, calls aloud. 2. See! the loathsome drunkard reeling; Hark! the cries of
Hear the mother, children pleading: Heav'n relief would

temp'rance calls aloud, calls a-loud, calls a - loud. 2. See! the loathsome drunkard reeling; Hark! the cries of
Hear the mother, children pleading; Heav'n relief would

temp'rance calls aloud, calls a-loud, calls a - loud. 2. See! the loathsome drunkard reeling; Hark! the cries of
Hear the mother, children pleading; Heav'n relief would

f

weep-ing friends; } Cru-el ty-rant! Cru-el ty-rant! When will all thy mis-eries end,
quick-ly send: }

weep-ing friends; } Cru-el ty-rant! Cru-el ty-rant! When will all thy mis-eries end,
quick-ly send: }

weep-ing friends; } Cru-el ty-rant! Cru-el ty-rant! When will all thy mis-eries end,
quick-ly send: }

f *mp Moderato. cres.* *f* *m*

When will all thy mis-eries end? 3. O Thou great and migh-ty Sav-iour, Haste Thee

mp *cres.* *m*

When will all thy mis-eries end? 3. O Thou great and migh-ty Sav-iour, Haste Thee

cres. *mp*

When will all thy mis-eries end? 3. O Thou great and migh-ty Sav iour, Haste Thee

mp *cres.* *m*

f *mp* *m*

on the glo-rious day, When the pow'r-ful arch de-ceiv-er Shall no more his wrath dis-play.

f *mp* *m*

on the glo-rious day, When the pow'r-ful arch de-ceiv-er Shall no more his wrath dis-play.

f *mp* *m*

on the glo-rious day, When the pow'r-ful arch de-ceiv-er Shall no more his wrath dis-play.

f *mp* *m*

f Allegro maestoso.

Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni -

Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni -

Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni -

Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni -

ver - sal sway, our cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our

ver - sal sway, our cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our

ver - sal sway, our cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our

ver - sal sway, our cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our

cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, the u - ni - ver - sal

cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, the u - ni - ver - sal

cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, the u - ni - ver - sal

cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, the u - ni - ver - sal

sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway.

sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway.

sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway.

sway, ... our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway.

I AM THE ROSE OF SHARON.

ANTHEM.

Solomon's Song. Chap. 2nd. WILLIAM BILLINGS.

I

I

I am the Rose of Sha - ron and the Lil - y of the Val - leys, I

I

am the Rose of Sha - ron and the Lil - y of the Val - leys,

am the Rose of Sha - ron and the Lil - y of the Val - leys,

am the Rose of Sha - ron and the Lil - y of the Val - leys, As the Lil - y a -

As the Ap - ple - tree, the

mong the thorns, So is my love . . a - mong the Daughters.

Ap-ple-tree a - mong . . the trees of the wood, So is my Be - lov - ed a - mong the Sons,

So is my Be - lov - ed a - mong the Sons,

(5 pp.)

So is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons, I sat down un - der his

So is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons, I sat down un -

So is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons, I sat down un - der his

So is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons, I sat down . . . un - der his

shadow with great . - de - light.

der his shadow with great de-light.

shadow with great de - light, And his fruit . . . . was sweet to my taste,

shadow with great de - light, And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste,

And his fruit . . . . was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the

He brought me to the

He brought me to the

He brought me to the

ban - quet-ing house, His ban - ner o - ver me was 'ove, He brought me to the

ban-quet-ing house, His ban - ner o - ver me was love.

ban-quet-ing house, His ban - ner o ver me was love.

ban-quet-ing house, His ban - ner o - ver me was love. Stay me with flagons,

ban-quet-ing house, His ban - ner o - ver me was love.

Com-fort me with ap-ples, For I am sick, For I am

For I am

For I am sick, For I am

For I am

sick . . . . . of love. I charge you, O ye daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

sick . . . . . of love. I charge you, O ye daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

sick . . . . . of love. I charge you, O ye daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

sick . . . . . of love. I charge you, O ye daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

By the roes and by the hinds of the field, that you stir not up,

By the roes and by the hinds of the field,

that you stir not up,

that you stir not up, nor a - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake

that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake

that you stir not up, nor a - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake

that you stir not up, nor a - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake

:8:

my love till he please.

my love till he please.

my love till he please. The voice of my be - lov-ed,

my love till he please. Be - hold, . . he cometh,

Skipping, Leap-ing up - on the

Skipping, Leap-ing up - on the

Skipping, Leap-ing up - on the

Leap-ing up - on the moun - tain, skipping, Leap-ing up - on the

mount, and skip - ping up - on the hills.

mount, and skip - ping up - on the hills.

mount, and skip-ping up - on the hills. And said un - to me,

mount, and skip-ping up - on the hills. My be - lov-ed spake,

rise up, rise up, . . my love, my fair one, and come a - way,

rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one,

rise up, my love, my fair one, and come a - way, for

rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, for

The rain is o - ver and gone, for lo, the win-ter is

for lo, the win-ter is

lo, the win - ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone, for lo, the win-ter is

lo, the win-ter is past, for lo, the win-ter is

past, . . the rain is o - ver and gone, . . the rain is o - ver, the rain is o - ver, the

past, . . the rain is o - ver and gone, . . the rain is o - ver, the rain is o - ver, the

past, . . the rain is o - ver and gone, . . the rain is o - ver, the

past, . the rain is o - ver and gone, . . the rain is o - ver, the rain is o - ver, the

rain is o - ver and gone, for lo, the win-ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone.

rain is o - ver and gone, for lo, the win-ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone.

rain is o - ver and gone, for lo, the win-ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone.

rain is o - ver and gone, for lo, the win-ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone.

SONS OF ZION, COME BEFORE HIM.

ANTHEM.

Allegro marcia. ♩ = 80.

NAUMANN.

SYM.

VOICE.

Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, bring the cym - bal, bring the

come be - fore Him, bring the

Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, bring the cym - bal, bring the

come be - fore Him, bring the

harp, bring the cym - bal, bring the harp.

harp, bring the cym - bal, bring the harp.

harp, bring the cym - bal, bring the harp.

SYM.

SYM.

VOICE.

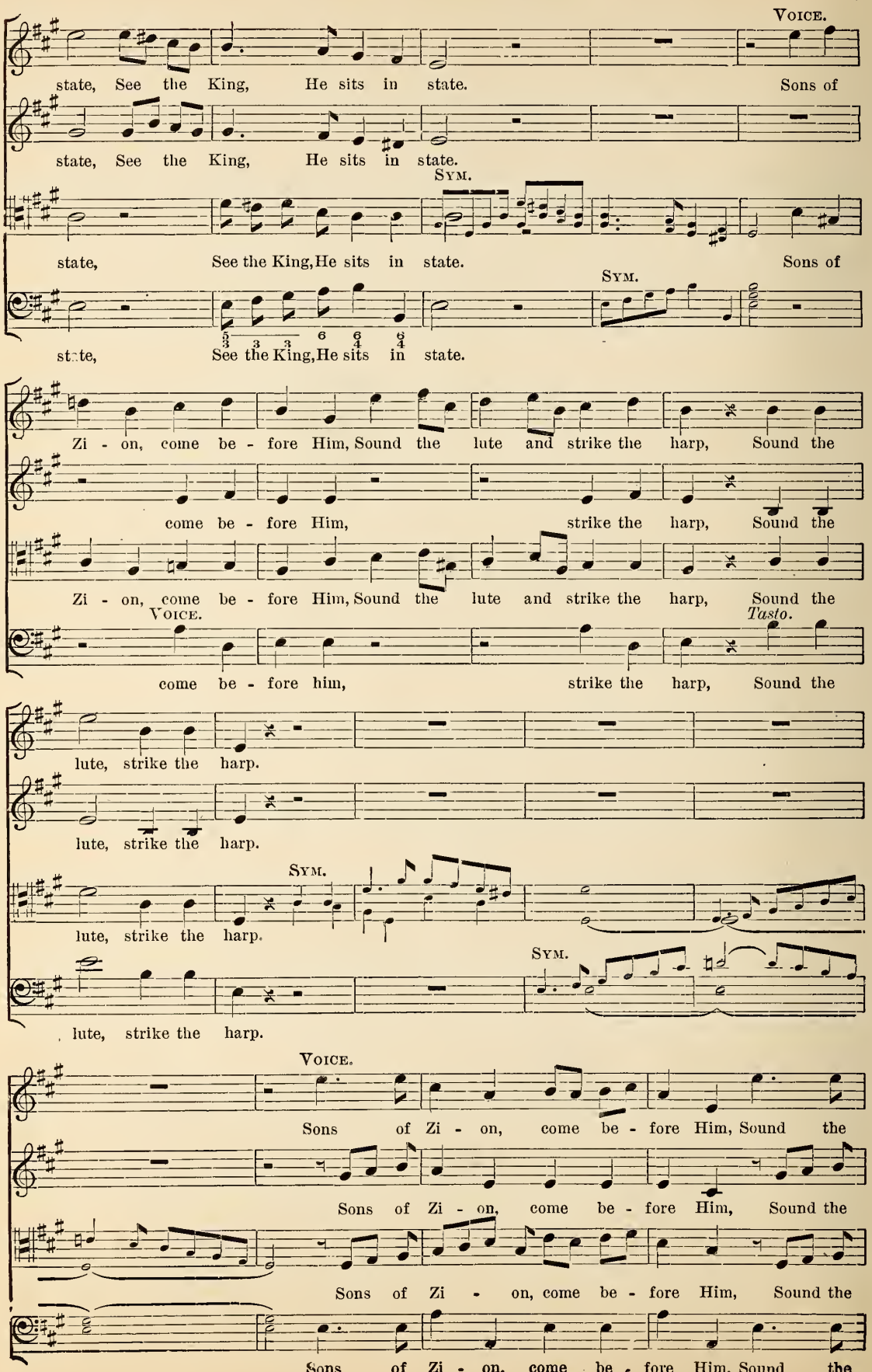
High in glo - ry, lo! He's seat - ed, See the King, He sits in

High in glo - ry, lo! He's seat - ed, See the King, He sits in

lo! He's seat - ed, He sits in

lo! He's seat - ed, He sits in

(3 pp.)


Voice.
state, See the King, He sits in state. Sons of
state, See the King, He sits in state.
Sym.
state, See the King, He sits in state. Sons of
Sym.
state, See the King, He sits in state.
Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the
come be - fore Him, strike the harp, Sound the
Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the
Voice.
Tasto.
come be - fore him, strike the harp, Sound the
lute, strike the harp.
lute, strike the harp.
Sym.
lute, strike the harp.
Sym.
lute, strike the harp.
Voice.
Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the
Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the
Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the
Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp,

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute . . and strike the harp, Sound the

lute . . and strike the harp, Sound the lute . . and strike the harp, Sound the

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp,

Sound the lute and harp, Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the

lute . . and strike the harp, Sons of Zi - on, come be - fore Him, Sound the

lute . . and strike the harp, Come be - fore Him,

lute . . and strike the harp, Come be - fore Him,

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Strike the

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute . . and strike the harp, Strike the

strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp,

strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp,

harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

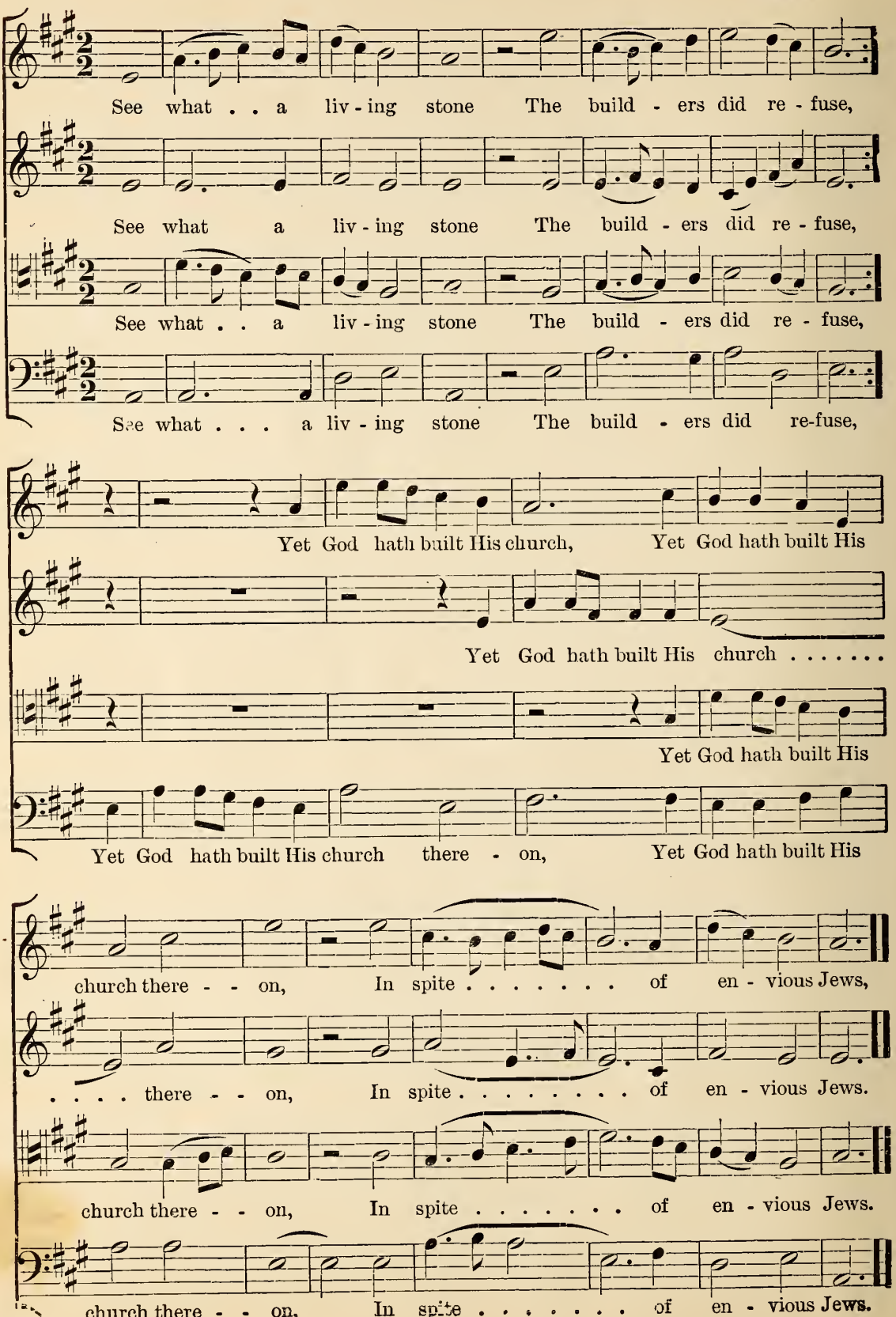
strike the harp, strike the harp.

SYM. VOICE.

strike the harp, strike the harp.

STAFFORD. S. M.

READ.



READ.

My tho'ts that of - ten mount the skies, Go search . . . the world beneath,

My tho'ts that of - ten mount the skies, Go search, go search the world beneath,

My tho'ts that often mount the skies, Go search the world beneath,

My tho'ts that often mount the skies, Go search the world, Go search the world beneath,

Where na-ture all in ru - in lies, Where nature all in ru - in lies, And

Where nature all, Where nature all in ru - in lies, And

Where nature all in ru - in lies, And

Where na-ture all in ru - in lies, Where na-ture all, Where nature all in ru - in lies, And

owns, . . And owns, . . And owns . . . . . her sov-'reign death.

owns, . . And owns, . . And owns . . . . . her sov-'reign death.

owns, . . And owns, . . And owns . . . . . her sov-'reign death.

owns, . . And owns, . . And owns . . . . . her sov-'reign death.

THERE IS A STREAM.

DUET AND CHORUS. ANTIQUARIAN TUNE.

Play 8 measures for Sym.

1. There is a stream, There is a stream, There is a stream whose gen-tle flow Sup-plies the
2. That sacred stream, That sacred stream, That sacred stream, Thine ho - ly word, That all our

ACCOMP.

cit - y of our God; Life, love, and joy, still glid-ing
rag - ing fear controls; Sweet peace Thy promis-es af-

through, Life, love and joy still glid - ing through, And wat'ring, and wat'ring, and wat'ring, and
ford, Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength, and give new

CHORUS.

1ST TREBLE.

And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.

2ND TREBLE AND ALTO.

wat'ring,
strength, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.

TENOR.

And wa-t'ring our di - vine a - bode. And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

BASS.

strength. And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sweet peace, sweet peace, thy prom - is - es, thy prom-is - es af -

Sweet peace, sweet peace, thy prom-is - es af -

ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.

ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.

f

And give new strength to faint - ing souls, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.

And give new strength to faint - ing souls, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.

INDEX.

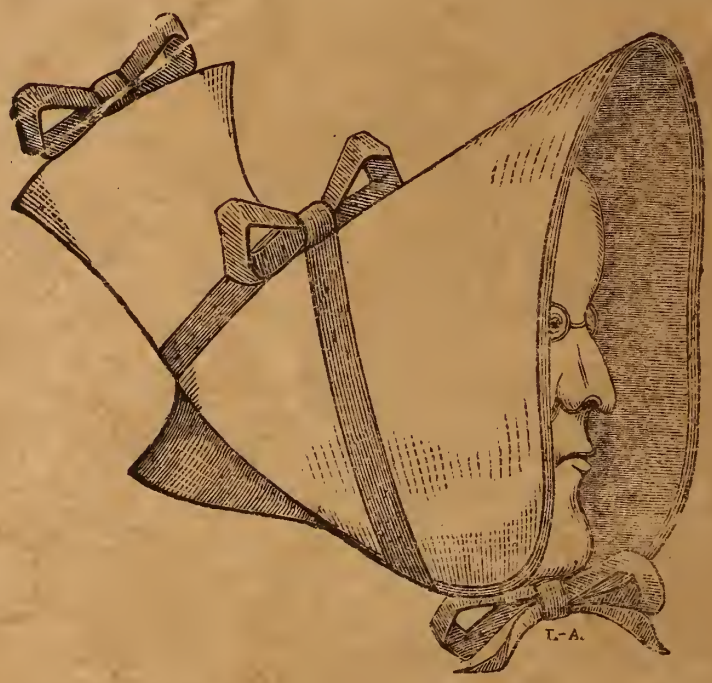
TITLES IN CAPS AND SMALL CAPS; FIRST LINES IN ROMAN.

	PAGE.
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	27
America	75
Anthem for Easter	54
Anvil Chorus	62
Auld Lang Syne	86
Battle Hymn of the Republic	43
Battle of Stonington	70
Before Jehovah's awful Throne	77
Bethany	75
Be Thou, O God, exalted high	3
Blessing	48
Blue Hill	6
Boston	14
Bridgewater	5
Buckfield	31
Calvary	109
Cambridge	26
Celestial Watering	15
Chester	29
Child of Mortality	50
China	27
Columbia, the Land of the Brave	60
Come, Holy Spirit	25
Come, my beloved, haste away	19
Come, sound His praise abroad	67
Complaint	30
Confidence	4
Coronation	27
Cousin Jedediah	82
David's Lamentation	12
David, the king, was grieved and moved	12
Dearest Spot of Earth	65
Denmark	77
Devotion	18
Dost Thou Love Me Sister Ruth	80
Dying Christian	44
Early, my God, without delay	7
Eternal Power, whose high abode	6
False are the men of high degree	16
Father and I went down to camp	69
From the third heaven, where God resides	24
Gallant ship from England came	70
German Hymn	5
Glory Hallelujah	42
God of the nations	62
Greenwich	13
Hail, Columbia	64
Here I find no rest	67
Hill of Zion yields	21
Home again	87
Home, Sweet Home	86
How beauteous are their feet	28
How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long!	18
How vain are all things here below	11
I am the Rose of Sharon	100
I am weary	67
If angels sung a Saviour's birth	40
Invitation	19
Jehovah's Praise	92
Jerusalem, my glorious Home	57
John Brown	42
Kidd's Lament	68
Lenox	8
Let Him to whom we now belong	17
Let the high heavens your songs invite	29
Lisbon	16
Lord descended from above	22
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	48
Lord is risen indeed	54
Lord on high proclaims	29
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	13
Majesty	22
Marseilles Hymn	66
Mear	8
Methinks I see a heavenly host	14
'Mid pleasures and palaces	86
Milford	40
Miriam's Song	38
Montague	32
Montgomery	7
Morning sun shines from the east	88
Mount Sion	21
My Country! 'tis of thee	75
My Grandma's Advice	76
My soul, thy great Creator praise	5
My thoughts, that often mount the skies	109
Nearer, my God, to Thee	75
New Durham	11
New Jerusalem	24
Northfield	18
Now can my soul in God rejoice	4
Now shall my head be lifted high	9
Ocean	23
Ode on Science	88
Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light	41
Old Folks at Home	81
Old Hundred	3
O Thou to whom all creatures bow	26
O 'twas a joyful sound	8
Our Flag is there	72
Plainfield	17
Portland	33
Rainbow	10
Red, White, and Blue	60
Revolutionary Tea	71
Russia	16
Salvation! oh, the joyful sound	26
Saviour, visit Thy plantation	15
See what a living stone	108
Sherburne	20
Silver Street	67
So fades the lovely, blooming flower	5
Song of the old Folks	86
Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims	97
Sons of Zion, come before Him	105
Sound the loud Timbrel	38
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry	30
Stafford	108
Star-spangled Banner	41
St. Thomas	29
St. Martin's	26
Strike the Cymbal	34
Sweet is the day of sacred rest	18
Sweet is the day of sacred rest	33
That awful day will surely come	26
There is a Stream	110
There was an old lady lived over the sea	71
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord	23
Times, indeed, do greatly change	84
'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand	10
'Tis the last Rose of Summer	74
Turner	25
Victory	9
Vital spark of heavenly flame	44
Way down upon de Swanee ribber	80
Welcome, sweet day of rest	16
When George the Third was King	84
When strangers stand and hear me tell	31
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	20
Why do we mourn departing friends	27
Windsor	26
Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town	73
Worcester	28
Yankee Doodle	69
Yankee Sleigh-ride	90
Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory	66
Ye sons of men, with joy record	32
Ye tribes of Adam, join	8
You captains bold and brave	68

* * * THE * * *

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT TUNES

As Sung by the Original Father Kemp's Company



THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

OVER NINE HUNDRED CONCERTS

HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY THIS COMPANY